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WAITING HOURS

(ANNA SHIPTON.)

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WAITING HOURS

WITH

*The Hungry, and Weary, and Thirsty
in the Wilderness.*

BY

ANNA SHIPTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE SECRET OF THE LORD," "THE LOST
BLESSING," "TELL JESUS," "ASKED OF GOD,"
ETC., ETC.



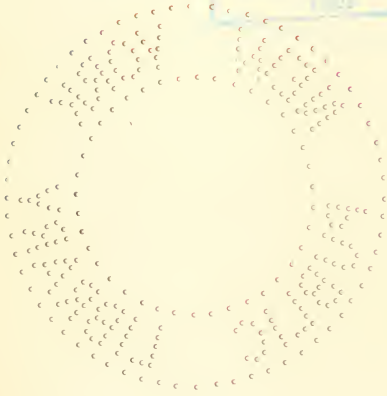
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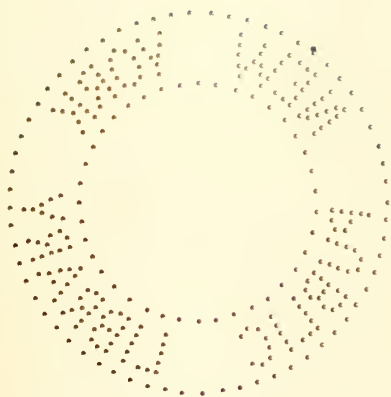
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WAITING HOURS.

CHAPTER I.

WAITING FOR THE SET TIME.

WATCHFULNESS, waiting, and prayer are the secret of service. Shorn of these, the athletic servant will cease to be a terror to the enemies of Israel. He will lose his spiritual discernment and the strength which wrought marvelous works in the name of the Lord, and become a mark of derision to his foes.

Those who have already learned to wait, and know the rich blessing attendant on suffering God's will rather than doing their own, will not only have gathered instruction

from the inexhaustible source of the Word of God, which the Holy Spirit unfolds to them that wait upon him, but will have already brought that knowledge into practical use. The great cloud of witnesses had every one to consider his ways, and prove for themselves that the God of the hills is the God of the valleys; even so we must do.

Such have not found the desert a dry land; for fresh springs of water and manna from heaven proclaimed Jehovah, who had called them to follow him. They beheld the power and goodness of him who manifested himself to them in new and unexpected ways, and this prepared them to believe that the Lord who had fed them in the desert, and delivered them from their oppressors, was well able to defend them in all future conflicts; for the battle was not theirs, but God's.

There are others oftentimes in amazement at these desert lessons, which the same heavenly Teacher is ready to unfold to each separate understanding, as wondrous in their

originality as the first revelation of life and light to the soul dead in trespasses and sins. With them I desire to share these waiting hours, even with "the people who are hungry, and weary, and thirsty in the wilderness."

To separate the Lord of glory from daily life is one of the subtle endeavors of the Antichrist. It is easier to the carnal mind to engage in the ritualism of external religion than to abandon the will, and to cherish the childlike simplicity which places Christ as the object of life and service.

There is the natural popery of the mind ; there is the sentimentalism which, if not so evident, is as much to be dreaded ; and there are the philosophical deductions of men of shallow minds (miscalled great), who suppose that they can account by natural causes for all the supernatural works of the Godhead, past and present. This is the groundwork of the infidelity that walks unblushing in the midst of darkness, called "light of intellectual progress." It is simply the denial of Jesus Christ.

Nay, there are those that are saved who are yet slack in appropriating to themselves the power that Jesus bestows on all who believe in him ; so that each day of formal service runs in a groove, without life or interest, and becomes a task, unless some emotional sermon or personal affliction arouse the blunted faculty of seeking the way they shall walk and the thing they shall do. Ceasing to seek his presence as a necessity of life, they cease to trace his dealings ; therefore they show forth nothing of his loving kindness in the morning, and tell nothing of his faithfulness in the night.

Conversion is the revelation of Jesus to the soul, differing in form and manner with each individual, but in all cases wrought by the same Spirit. God does not repeat himself in the kingdom of grace, any more than in the wide field of nature, which displays the skill, and power, and wisdom of him who designed this fair and wondrous world. *Ætna*, with its snows hiding the crater which slumbers beneath, ready to destroy,

has its zones of rich and fertile woodlands and tropical plants, its cascades of sparkling fountains, and its lichens and mosses of every form and hue ; but *Ætna* in all its marvellous variety is not the whole of nature ; it has not the *life* of the graceful green lizard, charmed with a song ; nor of the chameleon, which reflects the hue of the crimson cactus above him, or the purple rock beneath him.

But, wonderful as is the kingdom of nature, the kingdom of grace is yet more infinite in its variety. The naturalist may lose his natural sight, and the book he loved to con is closed for him ; but though the Christian lose the sight of his natural eye, he may see yet more distinctly the marvels in the kingdom of grace. There are many lilies of varied form and hue in many countries and many climes, but all are lilies ; we recognize them by their root and blossom, alike though unlike. The life that produces the vine-branches is the same that brings forth the fruit. Every cluster has its

own form and size, differing one from another, but still for every fruit-bearing branch it is the same Lord over all and in all. Nay, every leaf and every blossom of the tree has an individuality of its own ; and it is this life in the Spirit which alone gives a power and freshness to life and service, and opens the understanding to behold him and know him, for which purpose our eyes have been opened.

Had Jesus manifested himself as in the Shechinah of the tabernacle worship, when he joined the disciples on their walk to Emmaus, or when he appeared in the morning twilight watch on the shore of the lake of Galilee, then might the little band at once have hailed him as “the Christ, the Son of the living God,” whom Peter had so lately affirmed that he knew, (Matt. xvi. 16) ; but the kingdom of God cometh not with observation, or, as the marginal reading more fully renders it, “with outward show.” Luke xvii. 20. It was not as an apparition of wonder and beauty that Jesus had called his

disciples, and taught them. The Scriptures that he had expounded to them proclaimed him as the One who should “grow up as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground. He hath no form nor comeliness,” and “no beauty that we should desire him.” He comes to his disciples as the Son of man who had dwelt among them; as the Man of Sorrows who had taken upon himself their sins, sufferings, and infirmities, and the Lamb of God who had lately died for them; and as such he comes to bless them, and teach them another lesson of faith in him and of his love to them.

He was recognized in his resurrection-life, as he had been previously known by his love and care of those who seemed to be forgetting him. The same power that could draw the shoal of fishes to the empty net proclaimed at once *who* was watching over the toiling men. “It is the Lord,” pronounced by the disciple whom Jesus loved, revealed him to those less sensitive to his presence, and made known the cause of their immedi-

ate success ; while the refreshment provided for them tells the same sweet story of his unchanged love.

Had he, previously to his death, instituted any ceremonial rites or sacrifices, by which alone they should always approach him, perhaps they would have been occupied with them ; for nature loves objects of sense. But he comes to them as Master, and Kinsman, and Lord, and Friend — He bids Mary “ Go to my brethren ” — and at once shows the position he willed to occupy in the heart and life, and familiar occupations of those whom he had separated to himself.

How often is it thus ! We have toiled in vain. We have been forgetful of the Master. We have thought much of *our* work, but little of Him — our thoughts engrossed with the labor ; and he is standing by all the time ; yet not a glance has been thrown in that direction, where Jesus, in love and power, like a pillar of light, is waiting to help and bless.

Some sudden and unexpected success, like

the shoal of fishes arousing the fishermen of the lake, some rising emotion in our wandering heart, interprets *who* is near; and we discover the cause of our lack of blessing, in our forgetfulness of him and all he has told us.

The night-dews have chilled our hearts; our hands are weary with hope deferred; but now the bosom heaves with a sense of something needed more than success—to see Him whose hand alone can bless. Perhaps some cherished friend by our side has caught the first glimpse of the day on the hill-top while we are gazing down into the valley, and through the twilight feels rather than sees, “*It is the Lord.*”

Every appearance recorded of the Son of God, Son of man, teaches us his adaptation to our every need to-day. When he joins Cleopas and his companion in their journey, it is as a traveler, and as such they receive him. He is made known to them; not in any supernatural display of glory but in the simple yet expressive act of the breaking of

bread ; and their hearts burned within them as he communed with them, and opened their understandings, that they might understand from the Scriptures that all things were accomplished that he had told them before he suffered.

He does not upbraid them for forsaking him, but for their unbelief and hardness of heart, in neither watching for him nor expecting him, and thus suffering loss.

Assuredly, as we look for him in our twilight watch, and expect him on our way, whether that way be in a solitary journey, or in the toil and din of the crowded city, we shall learn that he is near us to reveal himself to us, if we are in the position for that revelation. "The meek will he guide in judgment, and the meek will he teach his way." Psalm xxv. 9.

Day by day is our bread from heaven ; hour by hour the shepherd goeth before. If waiting hours with Jesus or for Jesus are anxious hours or impatient hours, it is that our confidence in him fails, and the test of

our patience proves that we have not recognized him. For example: if we could discern the termination of our wilderness-journey, and knew how every event would transpire, what then? Our thoughts would be engaged on the event, and not on Jesus. Or, supposing that he left to us the affairs of the journey, and promised only that we should see him at its termination, what wrong steps and foolish mistakes we should make! "In your patience possess ye your souls." The second step is as important in any position as the first; and they who would see Jesus, and understand his mind as he unfolds it, will have to stand alone upon their watch-tower, and meekly learn what God the Lord saith.

In the autumn of the year I was disabled by an accident and increasing lameness from continuing my journey from the German baths to the death-bed of a beloved friend, now with Jesus. Often I was cheered with the hope that she would yet be spared awhile to us, and that it would be granted

me to hear once more her sweet voice tell of the hope that fadeth not, and see that lovely face before we should meet in the glory. Day by day I waited for strength for my body and light on my path, sometimes thinking I must set forth on my journey at any cost, and then being compelled to relinquish it from overwhelming exhaustion.

When the time seemed fully come to follow out my desire, the Lord prepared me to resign it. On the dawn of the morning previous to her decease, I knew that the angels had gone forth to carry the treasure of many hearts to the resting-place of the saints. But of this I have not now to speak.

As often as I made supplication that the Lord would enable me to undertake the journey, the answer came clearly and unmistakably, "To the living, not to the dead."

Three days went by, and, judging by all I knew and felt when in communion with the Lord on the matter, it was clear that she

whom I loved was no longer on earth. But no letter came to assure me of it, although it had been promised me; therefore I was left to walk by interior light, and lean alone on the word of the living God.

It was singular, believing what I did, that when I had recovered sufficiently to travel, after all my mind was led in the same direction, to undertake the same long, toilsome journey, to a spot I had once ardently desired to reach, but which had now lost all interest for me.

Often the tempter came in subtle guise: "Spare thyself;" often bringing suggestions of other places more suitable for a winter shelter. I questioned within myself, "Is it possible that these days and nights of watching, and waiting, and prayer, are followed by my being given over to the artful snare of the adversary? Am I to undertake the same journey with the ultimate purpose in view which first drew my attention to it?"

Nay! The ultimate purpose of any lead-

ing or act is known only to Him who can "keep thy foot from being taken." For "a man's goings are of the Lord; how, then, can a man understand his own way?" Prov. xx. 24.

While I distrusted the light I had received, I combated the striving of the Spirit, and became perplexed and sad-hearted. But in my inmost soul I desired to do the will of my Father which is in heaven. I cast myself helplessly on him to do for me, and in me, what was needed for all he required of me. Each fresh application to the throne of grace and the Word of God strengthened my faith. "For the seeing eye and the hearing ear, the Lord hath made even both of them." Many passages, although familiar to me, came with the power and novelty of a letter indited to myself that day, to meet the peculiar need of my fainting spirit. "Be of good courage! Fear not!" "Cast not away your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward." How often he has to bid us cease from numbering up our diffi-

culties, instead of looking to him to overcome them; and in place of falling before them, to pause and consider our former deliverances and mercies, with "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." "Remember the former things of old; for I am God, and there is none else. I am God, and there is none like me!" "I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys." Blessed are these tokens of a Father's tender care, cordials from Him who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities!

We fear suffering; but he who knows what would be our eternal loss if he spared us the cup that he has mixed bids us drink it with him, and trust him for all that it contains. If the poor and needy were not seeking for water where no water was, and his tongue failing him for thirst, he would not listen for the rushing of the rivers in high places, or seek for the fountains in the midst of the valleys. More than this; he would fail to see the wondrous works of the

Almighty God in his behalf, and so would never appropriate to himself individually the pool in the wilderness and the spring in the desert.

My natural inclination turned from the journey on an unknown track ; but whenever refreshed from the presence of the Lord, I was impelled forward towards that place now to me full only of sorrowful regret.

I made preparations to depart. I had no sooner taken one step towards the fulfillment of what I believed to be the will of the Lord than, as almost always follows an act of obedience to the Spirit, outward circumstances sealed the step with renewed assurance — “ This is the way ; walk ye in it,” — so that I would then have gladly hastened my departure ; but this could not be. There is a set time, and when it is fully come, the way is open. “ He that believeth shall not make haste.” “ When the time was accomplished.” “ In the fullness of time.” None can advance the hand of the dial, when Jesus has said, “ *My time is not yet come.*”

I could only proceed a short distance the first day, and I felt my need of watchfulness to be guided where I should wait, and divide my journey according to his mind. My first halting-place was in a crowded town, in all the confusion of a *fête*. I thought to remain two days there, but the difficulty of procuring even a bed and the poorest and scantiest accommodation, compelled me to hasten my steps towards that spot which, weeks before, had had so much of my prayer, and thoughts, and wishes. I learned afterwards that the precious dust I should not look upon had been that day conveyed along this same road towards its last earthly resting-place —

A lovely flower gathered in its prime,
To bloom in God's own crown, in God's own time.

Noble, fair, and gifted in no ordinary degree, the earthly loveliness of this fondly-cherished child was her least possession, and they who watched her growth in heavenly grace longed to see how the Master would

use all these earthly advantages for his service and glory.

The Lord had need of her, but not in the world, with its sins and snares. He sent a messenger to keep her in the way she had to go ; and learning her brief but gentle lesson at the feet of Jesus, with the patience and meekness of a weaned child, she went to rest with him, whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, and who had prepared a better portion for her than the best loved on earth could have secured her.

We leave, Lord, in thy keeping
Her precious dust ; 'twill be
Safe where thy saints are sleeping,
And still o'erwatched by thee.
While the sweet bird from her prison
Soars to her Saviour free.

Thy mercy, past all measure,
Thy love, so strong and deep,
Hath garnered safe our treasure
That we so longed to keep.
We give thee back thy loan, Lord,
And praise thee while we weep.

Safe from the tribulation,
From sorrow's rust and care,
From the subtle world's temptation,
No more to shrink or share.
She rests in thy bright presence :
Lord! we would leave her there.

No fretting moth can reach her
In the land where thou dost reign;
Sweet lessons thou wilt teach her
Before we meet again —
Raised like to thee in glory,
In robes without a stain.

Keep, Lord, our treasure! Keep her!
Though our hearts are sore to-day,
Thou knowest while we weep her,
We would not say thee "Nay :"
For the free bird's song is ringing
In the land of endless day.

It was late in the afternoon when I reached the city where I intended to pass the night. The snowy peaks of the Alps, defined against the blue, cloudless sky, contrasted with the promise of warmth in the glaring sunshine; and the pitiless reality was a piercing north wind that swept over the parched earth.

I partook of a hasty meal in the hotel, a short distance from the town to which I had been guided: and perhaps, but for the discomfort and cold within, I should have parried the restless desire to prove that without.

I felt impelled to go out, I knew not why. But I suddenly remembered that if I made no halt on the following day's march, I should need some provision. I recollected having seen such a shop as would supply my need, in the vicinity of a hotel where I had stayed in passing through the town long ago, and I set forth, assured in my mind of finding it.

Lame and weary, I walked slowly through the streets of this great city towards the place that seemed vividly before me; but when I reached the street, I failed to find the shop of which I was in search, and many of them were closed.

I was about to return, when I discovered that I had missed my way. I knew not which road to take. The lamps were

lighted, but I was out of the thoroughfare for carriages ; and though many passed me, they were all occupied, and driving to the theaters and other places of amusement.

I stood still, and prayed that the next person I accosted might guide me into the right way ; and, after following the indications given me, I saw no appearance of the gardens which were my landmark to the hotel ; however, I found myself before a shop of the same description as that I came in quest of.

Night had now fallen around me, and I would gladly have sought my resting-place without further delay ; but this was overruled by a power beyond my own.

Quite as much to rest for a few minutes as for any other purpose, I entered a shop where I expected to procure refreshment for the following day's journey.

I addressed in French the dark-eyed woman who was the sole occupant of the store. She shook her head, and intimated that she did not understand me, and to her

German I had to plead a like ignorance. Being now at fault, I essayed the experiment of my native tongue with no better success ; so, with the aid of a few German words, I proceeded to make my purchases.

I was struck by the pre-occupation of the stranger, who seemed little to heed the manner of my purchase, or the matter itself.

As if a sudden thought had struck her, she inquired, " Does the English lady speak Italian ? "

" Yes, a little," I replied, thankful that we had at last found some mode of distinct communication.

Her face brightened for a moment, as I now explained all I needed ; but, before I had concluded, her countenance had returned to its former hard, impenetrable expression.

I was so fatigued that I rested as long as I reasonably could. Reluctantly I rose to leave. At last she advanced to open the door, and, pausing, inquired, as if impelled by sudden curiosity, " Is the signora with her family at the hotel ? "

“I have no family,” I replied.

“Is she alone, then?” continued the stranger, as it seemed to me with awakening interest.

It would be impossible to describe the joy that thrilled my whole being as I said, “No; I am not alone; I am never alone; the Lord Jesus Christ is with me.”

“Is the signora, then, on her way home?” she asked, in a softened tone, as she turned uneasily from me, as if desirous of changing the subject.

“Yes; I am on my journey home,” I replied, pointing upwards, “to my Father’s house of many mansions. I have no earthly home.”

A strange, wild expression flashed from the dark eyes of my interlocutor. She closed the half-opened door, and turned towards me, as I asked her if she knew anything of Him who was the stay of the homeless and friendless.

By this time I was no longer weary. I forgot I was lame, far from my hotel, with

night closing around. I remembered nothing but that God the Father gave his Son to die for sinners, of whom I was chief; that he had saved me, and was ready to save all who called upon him. I know not how I framed my argument. It is not a difficult task to tell of the goodness and glory of the Beloved, even in a foreign tongue, when the soul is steeped in his love, and I went on to say —

“Sixteen years ago the Lord revealed himself to me by his Spirit, and I knew him as my Saviour; and though I am such an unworthy creature, he has been my refuge and my rest, even to this moment.”

My listener, with her arms folded tightly on her breast, gazed on me with an expression of blank despair, while her dark eyebrows were drawn together till they formed a line across her troubled brow. My first impression was that I was not intelligible to her, and I expressed my regret for my imperfect Italian.

“I understand every word you say,” she replied coldly; “go on.”

I moved towards the seat I had quitted. She imagined that I intended to depart ; for she suddenly sprang towards the door, and, seizing my arm with both hands, she exclaimed wildly, " And my poor soul ! You will not surely leave my poor soul ? Oh, signora, my guardian angel brought you to this house this night ! It seems as if my mother had risen from her grave to speak consolation to my despairing heart. Come in here," she added, with sudden vivacity, leading, or rather drawing, me into an inner room. " Come, come, signora, and speak on still." And there, with her bright eyes fixed on my face, she hung on each word as if life and death were in them.

And then I told her the Lord had had compassion on her, and had sent me with his blessed message, " Believe and live."

She listened, and then said, despairingly, " But the signora is pious, and I—I am the greatest sinner that ever lived."

" I am a sinner saved by grace," I replied, " and Jesus Christ came into the

world to save sinners, of whom I am chief. He is a Saviour to all who believe—to all who put their trust in him.”

“ Ah, it is not for me — not for such as I am ! I tell you I am the vilest sinner. You never knew so great a one.”

“ Yes ; sixteen years ago I knew a greater.”

“ That is not possible.”

“ Possible and true.”

In rapid utterance the stricken woman told forth the burden of her grief. The anguish of her spirit spoke through her features, and the hushed, whispered words that broke the silence touched me to tears ; but no tear softened her own fixed gaze, or moved a muscle of her firmly-set mouth.

Never did I so fully realize how vain is every word of man to a broken heart, how tame all human consolation, how cold the tenderest sympathy. The ruin which Satan worked Christ came to restore, and nothing but the power of the Spirit of God can give peace by revealing pardon to the wounded in heart. He came to destroy the works of

the devil. It is better to trust in the word of the Lord than to have confidence in man's many words. For the word spoken in the Spirit is a proved sword, which man cannot gainsay nor resist.

Such was my weapon to meet the overwhelming despair of my poor Italian. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.) And Jesus says, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." I knew no more.

"Does *Jesus* say, 'Come unto *me*, all ye that are weary'?" cried the Italian suddenly; and then she added, in a voice of deep sadness, "But ah! that is for the good, the pious, not for such as I; it does not mean *me*."

"Yes; that invitation is for the sinner—for all who weep without a comforter, for all who mourn, and desire to sin no more. He came not to call the righteous but sinners."

"But I have done all I can do," she said

mournfully, "and I am in despair. I have confessed to the priest; I have confessed my sins of childhood and my youth up, all my particular sins. I have done penance. I have even this week made new confessions. I have done ——" —

"All but going to Jesus," I replied; "and he says, 'Come unto *me*.'"

She heaved a deep sigh, as if lost in thought; and then, like one groping in darkness, she said, "A little ray of comfort, but very little, seems growing in my soul. Last week all my sins rose before me as if written in a book, and I was reading them over; and again all my confessions and penances were of no avail. And to-day I said, 'I can bear my misery no longer.' All I did was of no use; I am just as I was. No, no," she continued, interrupting herself, "I am *not* just as I was. Once I could sin easily, and think nothing of it, and now I cannot. I am overwhelmed with shame and despair."

"Now go to Jesus just as you are, and confess to him, and believe in the love of

the Father, who gave his Son to die for your sins, for which you have vainly done penance. His blood cleanseth from all sin."

"Then Jesus says to *me*, 'Come unto ME'?" she inquired, eagerly.

"Yes, he says, 'to *me*, and I will *give* you rest.' He does not say, 'Go to the Madonna; go to the angels; go to the saints; go to your priest;' but, 'Come unto ME.' There must be nothing between the soul and the Saviour."

"Nothing, signora? Do Protestants, then, put nothing before them to go to Christ?"

"There is no word of Protestant or Catholic in the Bible. Protestants as well as Catholics may place something before Jesus. They think good works may help them; and they can as easily put a priest or an idol between their souls and God as a Romanist; but what Jesus says to you to-day he says to them, to every one, 'Come unto *me*.'"

"No, no; I am so vile; I cannot go to him."

"Ah, you know nothing of his great love to you."

“To *me*!”

“Yes, to *you*.”

There was silence. I could only breathe an inward prayer for help for this desolate soul, and I saw at last the tears gather in her eyes; and if ever I beheld a contrite sinner's face raised to him waiting to be gracious, it was at that moment.

And now customers came in every minute, so that it was impossible to speak free from interruption. She told me afterwards she had taken more money that evening than all the day before; and this she repeated not in a rejoicing but regretful spirit, that a moment should be stolen from her heavenly food, and that the things of earth were multiplied when she only wanted the bread of heaven.

Darkness had set in when I left her. She clung to my arm to the last moment, saying, “I fear to let you leave me, lest all my consolation should depart with you.”

“You do feel more assured of God's love to you, then?” I asked.

“I feel other than I did before you came on; but not quite convinced. Not happy.”

At her request I promised to write to her, and send her some words to help; and so we parted, with her voice still ringing in my ear, “The guardian angels brought you to this house to-night.”

As I followed her directions to the hotel, I discovered that I was within ten minutes' walk of it; so that had I prayed for guidance to a shop, I should have been spared the long, fatiguing ramble. However, it taught me over again that in the same proportion as Jesus is sought for in minute detail blessing is the result, while trouble arises from negligence in small things. “Without me ye can do nothing.” The fly in the ointment that has lost its sweet savor may be imperceptible to others and known only to ourselves and him from whom nothing is hidden. Thus a soul in fellowship with Jesus, by unwatchfulness, may dishonor his Master.

And now, thanking my heavenly Shepherd, who had fed me according to the in-

tegrity of His heart, and guided me by the skillfulness of His hands, I proceeded on my unknown way. I found, as He had led me to expect, a vacant place. My gentle friend had passed away from earth's shadows and tears, and I should behold her no more till the dawn of the morning without clouds, when she comes with the Lord and his saints. If the spirits of just men made perfect may commune with the joys of angels, then she has learned wherefore I was detained, when I longed to follow my heart to her side ; she will rejoice in the sickness that held me prisoner until the set time was fully come ; and that I missed her farewell on the threshold of glory that I might lead the blind by a way she knew not, out of the valley of the shadow of death.

My Italian letters were no easy task ; yet I had promised to write to my new friend, and God was with me in my work. My words might fail, but God's words could not : carried by the Spirit, they are arrows in the hand of a child. I sent her some-

portions of Scripture, and tracts, and hymns, which I thought would interest her.

I waited long for a reply, but none came. I wrote again at distant intervals, but no answer reached me. I often felt bitterly disappointed, for I knew not how to account for it. At last I committed her wholly to the same Lord over all, and specially asked for her some of the joy which had filled my heart in writing to her. Nevertheless, I had no visible sign that my letters or packages had been of any use or comfort to her. Yet the sensible presence of the Lord when in prayer for her at last gave me to understand his sympathy and his faithfulness, and I could trust her to him who careth for us.

Winter was over and gone, and summer was in its full warmth and beauty, and again I was on my journey through the same city. I could scarcely wait for the day before seeking the shop. It was morning now. I entered, without lifting my vail, and made some trifling purchase. I watched my forgotten friend as she moved about to pro-

vide me what I required. The same face ! yet *not* the same ! It was peaceful and bright, and full of sympathy.

At the sound of my voice the second time she started, dropped all she held, and, with a burst of joy, replied to my salutation —

“ It is — it is my English lady ! ”

And the next moment both hands clasped my arm, as if to secure me, while she looked in my face, her dark eyes flashing with delight.

“ But *why* did you break your promise ? ” she inquired reproachfully, stepping back a few paces, as if not satisfied of my faithfulness. “ You said you would write ; you never wrote. You promised to send me some books ; they never came ! ”

I assured her that I had done so. She earnestly scrutinized my face, as if to assure herself of my sincerity, and then simply asked —

“ Then why did they never reach me ? ”

“ Perhaps that you should learn to lean on ‘ Jesus only,’ and to show you that he *him-*

self would do the work, without any human intervention.”

“ Ah, no ! But how many times I said, ‘ The English lady has forgotten Teresina.’ Day after day, as the postman passed, I sat on the window-seat or by the stove, to watch for my letter ; but none came, and I said, ‘ No letter to-day ; but she will write to-morrow ; she said she would write.’ And then to-morrow came and went, and no letter ! and when at night I went to my bed, as I laid my head on my pillow, I said, ‘ No letter for me to-day.’ Then I wept. Ah ! you do not know how I wept when I thought you had forgotten me.”

I assured her that I had not only thought of her and written to her, but, to prevent any difficulty in her reply, I had inclosed her envelopes stamped and addressed. “ But if I had forsaken you, the Lord would not forget you,” I added ; “ and I am sure you believe in his love ? ”

“ Yes ! I believe in that love now, and Christ’s blood has washed my sins away.”

“And you have the gladness of the morning for your dark night of weeping?”

“Oh, such joy! such joy!” she cried, fervently. “Happiness comes to me suddenly such as I never imagined before. Yet I weep too,” she said, dropping her head on her breast; “but it is not the same weeping. I mourn because my sins have been so great,—and they are pardoned.”

I could scarcely receive the joyful intelligence that this new life had sprung into blossom, or that this was the plant from the little seed cast into the ground that dark night; but the ground was prepared for it by the Lord of the harvest, and the waiting hour had brought forth blessing.

“As I sit here alone sometimes,” she said, “I can speak to Jesus Christ, and I am never so happy now as when I am alone. Many customers who have known me a long time say, ‘How you are changed, Teresina! In other days you looked down, and never smiled; and now you are joyful all day, and every day!’”

Much passed between us in our brief and happy meetings. When I first met her she was about to leave the situation she occupied, but now she believed that the Good Shepherd, who guided his flock, would carry her burden for her, and he would show her the way when he wished her to change her dwelling.

I tarried a few days, and very sweet to me were our interviews during my sojourn.

She told me that her trade had remarkably increased, and she delighted in the idea that this was a blessing granted to her on her new life.

I had known the ways of the Lord for more than sixteen years, and she not as many months; yet while I had known the faithfulness of him whose work alone it was, I confess there were moments when I doubted if this were indeed true — this rich return of blessing for the tiny seed — yet had he not said that, “whosoever *believeth* in him should not perish, but have eternal life?”

Perhaps she guessed my thoughts. We know that God is a discerner of them.

Teresina came to take leave of me at the hotel. The warm affection she evinced for me made it a difficult task to separate.

“Is your life wholly a new life?” I said to her, “and brought forth from the words I spoke to you?”

“Oh, yes!” she replied, smiling in my face, and as if divining my faithless fear. “It was you who taught me the great love of God. I never knew it until that dark night, when you came to me in my misery, and told me; be assured of *that*. And now, dearest lady, you go. Tell me, what can Teresina do for you who have done this for her?”

“Pray for me,” I said, my own emotion almost choking my utterance.

“Oh, that I do every day, and often many times in the day. I ask besides that God would give you health, and spare you down here a little longer, that you may tell other unhappy ones of the love of God, as

you have told me. But is there nothing more, signora?" she inquired, in a tone of tenderness; "nothing that Teresina can do for you?"

"I have beloved ones who know not what you have learned, Teresina. They have not seen themselves as lost sinners; therefore they know not the love of God the Saviour as you do. Can you, will you, pray for my people?"

Never shall I forget the power with which she seemed suddenly endowed. She rose from her seat, sympathy and grace blended in her face. She stretched forth her arms towards me, as she said, with a pathos difficult to describe, "*I will* pray for them. Go you to England, and speak to them yourself. Tell them of the love of God to sinners. Tell them what Teresina was when you found her; and oh, dearest lady, tell them what you leave her! Oh, yes, I will pray for your people when I pray for you."

And, weeping and embracing, we parted. I felt as if I had left a loving friend be-

hind me, whom I should behold no more
until the day dawns and the shadows flee
away.

So she went back to her work in the
world, and I on my solitary journey, alone,
but not alone. I went to the dead, and
found the living, and parted with the living,
to whom God had given life.

NUMBERS ii. 3.

THOU, who hast my sins forgiven,
Shalt my priceless portion be;
In the desert where I wander
All my song shall be of thee.

None beside my soul desireth,
Though my heart and flesh may fail;
One sweet hope thy love inspireth,
Thy compassions cannot fail.

Through the waters round me rolling,
Safe the pathway thou hast made;
Thou, the furnace-fire controlling,
Proved the Rock my sheltering shade.

Keep thy rescued one beside thee,
If I wander yet awhile;
Light the sorrows that betide me
With a Saviour's loving smile.

Watching for the dawn of morning,
Oft with desert journeying spent;
Footsore, with my eyes still turning
To the sunrise from my tent;

I await thy sweet "Come hither!"
When my week-day's work is done;
Or the golden clouds shall gather,
For the Sabbath morn begun.



CHAPTER II.

WAITING FOR DAILY GUIDANCE.

THE Lord Jehovah has been so often sought and considered as an infinite Spirit filling all space, that many, whose orthodox creed none would gainsay, *forget* what a palpable revelation of God with us is given in the face of Jesus Christ in his wondrous forty days' sojourn on earth previous to his ascension. The Lord Jehovah was with his people of old — not as a Deity to be propitiated, but as a God seeing, feeling, and hearing. “The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.” Ps. xxxiv. 15. “He doth send out his voice, and that a mighty voice.”

Ps. lxxviii. 33. "With a strong hand hath the Lord brought thee out of Egypt." Ex. xiii. 9. "His eyes behold, his eyelids try, the children of men." Ps. xi. 4. "His footsteps are not known." Ps. lxxvii. 19. "He fed them according to the integrity of his heart; and guided them by the skillfulness of his hands." Ps. lxxviii. 72. "The face of the Lord is against them that do evil." Ps. xxxiv. 16. "The breath of the Almighty hath given me life." Job xxxiii. 4. "When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek." Ps. xxvii. 8.

These passages make known the universal presence of the Lord of heaven and earth; but those who have dealings with the living God know well that communion with him is but part of that great work by which he converts the willing soul into a likeness of him who came as a man, rejected and despised; who lived, suffered, died, and rose again! We do not often receive direct communications from the Lord independently of

circumstances. We are bound up one with another as members of Christ, and by natural family relationship in the world and with the world.

All this is set forth in the Scriptures. Let us take some examples. Jacob is not the least interesting of our patriarchal teachers in this way, because he is less noble than Abraham, and more subtle, and less simple, than Isaac. But who among us that has failed, and fled, and doubted, and been entangled, has not rejoiced that the God of Abraham and Isaac is also the God of Jacob?

Jacob was content to dwell in Padan-aram, after Laban had changed his wages, notwithstanding he had previously desired to depart. Perhaps, like many others, he thought that increase of flocks and herds was a sign that he was in his right place. But his attention was arrested by some words he overheard spoken by his cousins, who were envious of him, and he beheld the face of his father-in-law changed toward him, and not exhibiting the same favor as before he gave

him his sorry wages. When he is led to consider what these things signify, the Lord himself directs his way — “Return to the land of thy fathers, and thy kindred, and I will be with thee.” Ah, who is there desiring to walk by faith, but frequently walking by sight, who has not yearned for as definite a command? Yet God has said, “The just shall live by his faith.” Hab. ii. 4.

Thus, when the time is fully come for action, our attention is oftentimes arrested by the inward consciousness of the Spirit’s dealing and the necessity of guidance, or by outward circumstances which may disturb or distress us as they did Jacob. We fly to the feet of Jesus, sorrowful and afraid. He hath said, “I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth on me should not abide in darkness.” John xii. 46. And as he assured the patriarch with the renewal of the promise, “I will be with thee,” so will he strengthen our failing heart with, “Lo, I am with you alway, even to the

end.” Jacob’s God is our God! So we go forth the way the Lord has appointed us; and as he beholds us walking therein, notwithstanding our faithless fears, he sends some angelic messenger to cheer and encourage us, as surely messengers of the Lord of hosts as when the angels of God met Jacob and he called the place Mahanaim.

Perhaps it meets us in the form of some long-delayed answer to prayer, some new and unlooked-for service, found only in the path in which he has constrained us to walk, or, dearer and more precious than all, some direct communication from himself. Already had the gate of heaven been opened to the desert dreamer; he had seen the ladder on which angels ascended and descended; but now behold the patriarch in that mysterious struggle of which we comprehend so little, enabling Jacob to exclaim, “I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved.” It was Jacob, with his little faith and coward heart, whose new name from that midnight wrestling was changed to “Israel” (a Prince

of God), which name was to descend with God's people for ever. And why? "For as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed." Gen. xxxii. 28. Thus with the new name he received another blessing through the faith that grasped the Giver.

I am not inclined to think that Jacob erred in sending a present to Esau. It may be overlooked that in Eastern nations it was customary to present a gift to the superior in rank. Even at the present day the same custom exists. When an Eastern prince or noble holds a *Durbar*, or court, all attending approach with a *Nuzzur*—an acknowledgment of respect. Although Esau had sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, yet the separation of the brothers, and the feud between them, suggests that the gift was not a symptom of faithlessness, notwithstanding that Jacob was doubtless faint-hearted and afraid. Yet he went forward. It was evident that he did not certainly expect his present would be sufficient to gain the favor,

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of Esau ; for the “peradventure” with which he premised it revealed his lack of trust in the God of his fathers.

But this very circumstance of distress, which separated him from his beloved Rachel and the children and his people, left him alone with God. He goes forth halting, a living witness of that heavenly conflict. Never more could he forget in his walk that “he had seen God face to face,” and lived. The fiery trial brings him where we have never before beheld him — confessing his unworthiness, reminding the Lord of his promises, enumerating his mercies, and trusting in his power to deliver him. Oh, these are the preludes to Peniel ! These are the preparations for the new name ! Yet the patriarch goes forth still as a man whose faith and hope need daily nourishment and sustenance. Thus in the hour of fiery trial and helpless distress we, too, are cast alone on him who has promised, “I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.”

The act of faith that pleads his promise

and his truth brings to us a fuller revelation of the Incarnate Word than all earthly blessings of the increase of our substance, or the companionship of our beloved ones. If we waited on Him who has declared, "He that waiteth on his Master shall be honored," we should more frequently have our Bethels and our Peniels, which would stand forever in testimony of the faithfulness of that Master who never calls his friends to meet a foe without a buckler, nor leads them forward to win the heart of an offended brother, without the power to gain it. Nay, if all our love and gifts should fail to win the hearts arrayed against us, there lack not hailstones in heaven (God's swift judgments) to destroy his enemies and ours. His angels, who encamp round about the path of his children, will deliver them out of the hands of their most subtle enemy. Therefore be strong, and very courageous.

The solitary path, so often appointed for the child of faith, is no new thing. That path may be indescribably lonely, though

surrounded by a family ; and the aching, weary heart may bewail its lot, and fail to recognize in that very solitariness the love of Him who called Abraham alone, and blessed him, and increased him.

It was in a desert place, away from the distraction of family feuds and the consolation of family affections, that Jacob received the first manifestations of the Lord's favor—the renewal of the blessing promised to the seed of Abraham, and now extended personally to himself ; and the land on which the weary fugitive reposed was given to him, and his seed after him, in that lonely resting-place.

A brother's anger and a mother's fear drove him into that place of blessing, and prepared him for twenty years' servitude, which must have been cheered by the remembrance of that vision of angels, and the consciousness of the peculiar protection of the God of his fathers. Well might he bless the stones which had formed his pillow on that eventful night. Who is there that has

found rest on one promise of a faithful God who does not, like Jacob, anoint it with the oil of gladness, and set it up as a pillar in his pilgrimage — an everlasting memorial that God, who has promised, is faithful, and that he has done unto us above and beyond all that we have asked or conceived? And as these bright land-marks gleam on our sight at the close of our homeward journey, we set to our seal that there failed not any good thing which the Lord had promised to the house of Israel. All comes to pass.

God speaks to us by the Holy Spirit directly, and indirectly by his providence; so also he makes known his will, and communicates with us, even through those whom our folly or impatience may have made the occasions of our own chastening. When Sarah said, “Cast out the bondwoman and her son,” it was very grievous to the natural affection of Abraham; but it was the will of God: “In all that Sarah hath said unto thee, hearken unto her voice.” The Lord was sun and shield to his servant as before.

Abraham and Isaac were reproved by heathen kings for their faithlessness and insincerity. It was humiliating to be reproved by those who had never known the grace and goodness of the Lord, but whose natural integrity protected the patriarchs from the punishment their own want of faith would have brought upon them.

But God is faithful, though we are so slack to believe. God is their defense, and none shall lead the least of his children into paths displeasing to him, if they themselves do not love the evil and refuse the good. "I will come near to thee in judgment; I will be a swift witness against those who turn away the stranger from his right, and fear not me, saith the Lord of hosts." Mal. iii. 5. "Ye shall not afflict any widow or fatherless child; if thou in any wise afflict them, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry." Exod. xxii. 22.

The heathen prince would unknowingly have injured the patriarch who had deceived him; but he became afflicted in his house-

hold, and was warned, in a vision of the night, to restore the stranger's wife whom he coveted. Is God changed? There is a change of dispensation; judgment is not always speedily executed; but God careth for the stranger still, and defendeth the fatherless and widow, even God in his holy habitation. This I, as well as others, have remarked. I can more distinctly speak of that which I have myself experienced.

But prior to believing, that when the Lord saith—"I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go; I will guide thee with mine eye"—he would guide me, he would instruct me, he would lead me, if I obeyed him in committing my cause to him, I was called to decide upon a course of action in a time of great perplexity. I knew no one to whom I could apply for counsel. In my distress, a faint hope arose in my mind that the course I had decided to pursue was in accordance with the will of God. It entailed on me an immediate voyage to another country, and I made my preparations to depart.

The evening previous to my leaving, several friends called to bid me farewell, among them the brother of one for whom I had a great regard. He severely censured me for the step I premeditated, and strenuously urged me to abandon a course which, after much deliberation, I believed to be the right one. He was peculiarly skilled in argument and persuasion, and thus my decision was shaken, the plan of action lately so clearly defined to my mind had become a labyrinth without light, and my heart had lost its once peaceful security. All was confusion. He took his leave, satisfied that I had accepted his judgment to guide me, in opposition to a path distinctly marked out to myself. But the Lord was my very present help, though I knew it not.

In either case I could not avoid the voyage, and the preparations were already made for my departure the following day. Equipped for the journey, harassed with anxiety, agitated with thoughts of the future, I waited for the carriage to convey me

to the port, when my ear caught the sound of a horse in full gallop, and in a few minutes a horseman dismounted at my door. The appearance of the horse, his drooping head and heaving flanks, showed that he had been pressed to his utmost speed by his impatient rider. There stood before me the skillful advocate of the previous evening, forced to do the bidding of a God he knew not. His face was changed from what I had seen it before. He looked both scared and haggard. Trembling and exhausted by his rapid journey, I could not at first comprehend the reason of his sudden and unexpected appearance.

God had spoken and shaken the strong man's heart, and "the terror of the Almighty" had made him afraid; and whatever else he may have disbelieved, he never again doubted there was a God in heaven who defendeth the stranger, and him that hath no helper, and who will not suffer a hair of the least of his children to perish. He entreated my forgiveness, and

prayed me to cast from my mind the rash counsel he had pressed upon me. In a voice broken with emotion, he told me that at midnight a dream or vision, he knew not which, rose before him, and like a frightful reality he beheld the fatal result of the counsel he had so pertinaciously advised me to follow, while a voice distinct and terrible bade him look upon the woe he had worked for one who had never injured him. "All this is your doing," echoed in his ear, as he awoke from this startling visitation. He arose, called for his horse, and had ridden many miles before the sun was up, in his anxiety to see me again, fearing that the vessel which was to convey me from the port would have sailed, leaving with him only the remembrance of his midnight dream. "God is greater than man. He giveth not account of any of his matters. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed; then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction, that he

may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man." Job xxxiii. 13-17. "In the multitude of dreams and many words there are also divers vanities: *but fear thou God.*" Eccles. v. 7. The cold-hearted scepticism which pervades the Church is the obstacle to fullness of communion, and hinders the sealing of the Holy Spirit's instructions. Who shall limit his teaching, or circumscribe his action by day and by night?

As the Word dwelleth richly in us, and we yearn for deeper comprehension of the love that passeth knowledge, all things become a medium of communication. The living reality of the Word of God grows stronger; and the heart, absorbed in thoughts of one object, will find some promise in every parable of nature; every circumstance shall manifest the ever-living, the everlasting Jehovah. Although many times I have had to say, "I have not obeyed the voice of my teachers, nor inclined mine ear to them that instructed me," yet the Lord has not failed in leading me to acknowledge that even in

the night watches he could lead me to profit. "And though the Lord give you the bread of adversity, and the water of affliction, yet shall not thy teachers be removed into a corner *any more*, but thine eyes shall see thy teachers." Isa. xxx. 20.

At various seasons of my pilgrimage God has manifested his power in revealing the position of my soul. When incapable of any active service for the Master by whom I longed to be employed, I beheld in a vision of the night a bright transparent river flowing on with the speed of the rapids of Niagara. Every wave was crested with light. Many walked upon its margin without regarding it; others cast in various possessions, causing more light on the stream. A traveler passed me, enveloped in a mantle, which was folded closely around him, to shield him from the wind. Suddenly he unfastened it, and I perceived that it was lined with a costly fur of pure white. He cast it into the stream. The effect was as the sparks from an electric battery — a

thousand stars glittered on the waves as it was engulfed in the bright waters. The traveler pursued his way, his face beaming with sweet content; his eyes were never cast back on the river, but bent on some point in the distance beyond my sight. "While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." 2 Cor. iv. 18. A voice told me it was the river of life, and I saw that, by casting in all I had, I could make the stream as bright as did others.

Soon all was changed; the stream was gone, and a desert opened before me, barren and burned beneath the scorching rays of an Eastern sun. To shield me from its fierce heat I saw a solitary tree, an Ilex, the everlasting oak. Unseen guardians of my lonely way plaited and entwined the branches, until they formed a small but commodious tent-like shelter; and the cool shade, and the dark green foliage, contrasted with the

white wilderness around me. I entered. There was a small wooden table and a seat — only one. No sooner had I taken my place at the table than I beheld a hand of surpassing beauty at the entrance. It was slowly raised and pointed upwards, as if to fix my gaze above, and then stretched forth as indicating the path and directing my way. I knew who was there. It was he who had led me by the right way to the city of habitation. Again the index finger was raised in warning, and I read in its significance — “When we are judged, we are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world.” I Cor. xi., 32. And lastly, it was extended over me in blessing. I knew that Hand of love; it had guided me, and will still guide me, on my desert path. It is the right hand of power. It is the hand once pierced for me — the hand of him, whose everlasting arms are underneath me, whose everlasting love hath upheld and comforted me — the hand of Jesus, my king and my God.

If I have set forth the guidance and waiting hours more in journeying than in any other way, it is not that the power and presence of the Lord have been at all circumscribed ; but that the necessity of faith is often more evident here than in matters more complicated, and less suitable for illustration. It has been increasingly precious to me to be allowed to trace how obedience and faithfulness, which seemed to be an individual dealing between the Lord and our own souls, are actually brought to exercise their influence on others.

The golden ladder of Jacob's dream, and the vision of Ezekiel by the river of Chebar, alike image forth that angelic agency by which the life of the child of God is guarded and surrounded, and by which the observant and obedient are led, not coerced, into the path in which they are ordained to walk. Nor need we fear the rushing of wings, like the noise of great waters ; nor the voice of speech, like the noise of an host ; for the firmament above their heads and above ours

hath the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone ; and upon the likeness of the throne is still the likeness as the appearance of a *Man*.

The most minute events of our life, nay, every need, and every obstacle in our paths, are channels of the grace, goodness, and power of God, and those who wait on him in prayer and watchfulness, shall see it is no vain thing to rest on him. The tide of our sorrows and sins has often arisen from a trivial spring ; and the same is true of our earthly joys. Our daily trials and hourly blessings gather something of the radiance of the bow in the cloud in the day of rain, as we receive them from the pierced hand of him whose death and intercession have made all things ours.

Those who look on life's daily routine as things of course, call special deliverance, or sudden calamity, "providential dealing," or "curious coincidences." But the Lord has taught his children otherwise. "Give *me* thine heart, and let thine eyes observe *my* ways."

There needs not health, nor strength, nor wealth, nor learning, to serve the Lord; there are greater spiritual results than all these can accomplish when we seek to gather up each crumb of daily mercy, and wait continually on God.

I remember one day I had little power of thought or action; but the desire to help others was very strong in my heart. I was not able to walk beyond a short distance, and, as we lived in a town, all exercise but a carriage drive was unattainable, and a drive without an object, constantly on the same road, was a dreary thing. I made my prayer to my God, and asked that this last drive I should take in that locality might have a peculiar blessing. So gathering my tracts and books, I entered the carriage with my young Christian servant. The afternoon was fine. I found ready acceptance of the little heavenly messengers as I distributed them from the carriage. We slowly ascended a hill, dotted here and there with a few cottages in groups. All my ammunition was at

an end excepting one book. I asked for special guidance as to its disposal. A little girl by the roadside attracted my attention. I was disappointed, as the book was scarcely suitable for one so young; but no one else was in sight. I was so slow in deciding whether this was an answer to my prayer, that the hill was behind us, the horses began to trot, and the child was out of sight before I had the certainty that it was the reply to my petition. Now it was too late, I was grieved at my indecision.

The coachman, finding I wished to return, asked my leave to water and rest his horses at a wayside inn at the rise of the hill. I consented at once; and bidding my servant wait with the carriage, I descended the hill to seek for the child. On I went; no child was in sight. I waited and prayed that if I were right the child might appear. In a few moments she came towards me, so that I gave her the book; but before I could speak she ran away and was soon out of sight. I followed in the same direction as fast as I

was able. That child seemed the object of my drive. I found myself in a narrow kind of passage, in which was the entrance to four or five dwellings, evidently formed out of an old dilapidated house, divided into smaller tenements. While I hesitated at which door I should knock, all being closed, a pleasant-looking young woman came out with the book in her hand, as if to return it, saying,

“You have given my sister a book, but she cannot read.”

“Perhaps some one in the house can read it to her,” I suggested.

“Well, ma’am, we have not much time.”

I felt disappointed and troubled, expecting to see some other result from my chase of the little one, and unwilling to give up the hope of knowing why this child had crossed my path.

“Is there any one in the family who would like the book?” I inquired.

“I have only my mother, and she is very ill,” replied the young woman.

“May I see her?” I asked, still feeling that I had followed in faith, however faint-hearted.

“I do not know,” she answered; but the tone was not inviting.

I pressed it. She went into another room on the opposite side of the passage, and re-appearing in a few minutes, she led the way to a bedroom which had evidently been once an old-fashioned farm-house parlor, divided into two chambers, and lighted by the half of a large, lofty casement. The scanty furniture gave a peculiarly forlorn appearance to it; but all was neat and clean. The sunlight fell on the sick woman, then in the last stage of the most terrible form of dropsy. Her pale, careworn face, scarcely visible at first; the poor, swollen frame; those anxious eyes, raised to my own; those lines of anxious care—told more of disease than the evidences of physical pain, and moved the very depths of my heart. To carry sorrow of heart with such a malady seemed indeed a bitter cup, if not held leaning on him who

can alone teach the sinking heart to say,
“Thy will, not mine, be done.”

She did not seem inclined to speak, and as I could not gather anything from her brief replies, I said — “Jesus alone can help you. Do you love Jesus?”

“Well, ma’am, I cannot say that,” she replied slowly; “but yet I do believe one thing — that he loves me.”

This was a glad surprise to me, so slow are more advanced learners in their Master’s school in this first lesson.

“Then why are you not resting in his love?”

The pale face turned towards me now, and the reply came rapidly and eagerly, as if the wound was touched at last.

“Because I am not at all sure I shall be saved. I hope—but oh, scarcely that! My trials and sufferings are great. I find nothing to comfort me in thinking I am safe, and there is nothing in my heart at all like one who should love him. I am so tempted; I am so full of evil; and after all I may be lost!”

“But temptation is not sin. Jesus was tempted. He knows how to succor us.”

This was no place for *my* words. My eye fell on a large family Bible, with print such as my half-blind eyes could read; and while turning over the pages to seek for the portion that came to my mind, I repeated slowly the first part of the fourteenth chapter of John. Great was my delight to see the face of my listener kindle into animation. I took a seat at the bottom of the low bed, and read to her passage after passage, that God speaks to the sinner, the mourner, the heavy laden. The glassy eyes were fixed on me more in wonder than in rest. I prayed briefly with her, asking for her perfect peace in believing, and then bade her farewell. She gazed after me wistfully as I lingered at the door; and I left with the consciousness that I was nothing, but out of my weakness the Lord was glorified.

A day or two passed, and I felt it was time to go forth again. We arranged some needful comforts for the poor sick one, and

the carriage was ordered ; but rain descended in torrents. Long I watched the clouds, and prayed to do the will of the Lord—to go, or not to go, as should please him best. I appealed to the coachman. Was he willing to go, as his horses must wait for me in the rain if he went? He was quite willing. In fact, he rather advised the journey, assuring me that the storm would only be partial. The rain ceased until we were on the road, and then it fell heavily.

We arrived, and sending the carriage to shelter, I entered the cottage, and softly opened the door of the sick woman's chamber. The peace of God was on that sorrow-seamed face, and the joyful welcome was well worth the waiting hour.

“I should know your voice in heaven,” she said ; “but never did I think I should hear its sound on earth again. The words you spoke are always ringing in my ears : ‘Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid ;’ and I am not afraid.”

If this meeting was sweet to her, it was

none the less so to me ; and the blessed evidence of a Father's tender care was seen in the selection of things suitable for her condition, and the doctor having enumerated such as I had taken, as among the only remedies likely to be of any service to her in these last days of suffering.

The cord of love that knits together those who love the same Lord, and look to the same eternal home and the same blessed service, bound us heart to heart. She was carried on the Shepherd's breast down to the valley, with the confidence of one who knows whom she has believed. Resting on his arm, I went forth again on one more stage of my journey, cheered by the blessed experience of his word : " Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord."

All things are his, and all obey

His wonder-working will ;

E'en common things have life and speech,

And his commands fulfill.

From buried seeds, awhile entombed
 In these dead souls of ours,
 The sun and storm shall cherish buds
 Of fair immortal flowers.

Oh, let me learn the lesson, Lord!
 And live it, and be true;
 Waiting in patience at thy feet,
 Thy holy will to do.
 Resting in thee confidently,
 Trusting in thee always,
 And finding every hour unfold
 Some secret cause for praise.

On another occasion, I was in great need of summer clothing previous to leaving London. I was then in the suburbs, where there were very few warehouses likely to furnish all I required; and being, from ill-health, unable to reach the city, I spread the matter before Him who has told us, "Without me ye can do nothing." I told him all I needed, and I prayed him to guide me to a shop; and furthermore prayed that I might procure the articles near at hand, being unfit for the fatigue of shopping. I was leaving for the country on Monday; this was Saturday.

I sallied forth, and walked to the end of the long street, passing a little shop close to my lodgings. It was a draper's, mean in appearance, having but one window, in which only a few articles were exhibited. I did not pause to ask if he would have me enter, but, judging by outward appearance, walked on wearily to a large showy shop at the extreme end of the street. The shopkeepers would not give themselves the trouble to seek for the first item on my list, and were withal so disobliging that I was led to exclaim in my heart, "Why is it thus with me?"

I walked very slowly back. In again passing the mean one-windowed shop, the thought flashed through my mind, "Can it be possible I am to go in here?" To prove it, and gather some light on my way, I entered, inquiring at the same time for one of the least likely articles on my list. A pale-faced woman in mourning, who was attending to a customer, looked at me, requesting me not to stand in the cold wind

rushing through the shop, but to enter her parlor, and allow her to wait on me there. I did so, and she soon joined me.

I gave her the list. After carefully perusing it, she said, 'You must not judge by what you see. I have, it is true, but a very small shop; but I have a warehouse, and a good connection, so that I do not keep articles for show. If you will wait here, I will bring you all you require in a short time.'

She left me, and as I glanced round the room a well-worn Bible and hymn-book met my eye, with other signs of a life not confined to this world and its interests, which afforded me matter for thought and praise until her return, laden with goods. She counseled me with a disinterestedness quite uncommon, examining and criticizing the materials as if she understood my wants and requirements. When I had paid the amount, she gave me the receipt with a bright smile, and clasping her hands in thankfulness, her upward glance told from whom she had taken the gold.

“That is like my Father,” said the shopkeeper, joyfully. “He always sends me double on Saturday, because he knows my need, and that I cannot work on Sunday. This he has done for me and my family ever since I became a widow, eight years ago.”

Then she went on to speak of his faithfulness to his promise, and his care for the fatherless and widow, and them that have no helper; and between smiles and tears enumerated many a deliverance and many an unexpected blessing since she had cast all her care on him. So we communed together, not only of the kingdom, but of the King himself, rejoicing that his overruling hand had brought us to behold how good it is to trust in him.

Before leaving I offered her a few tracts, suggesting that she would have opportunities of circulating them where I should not. She accepted them gladly, and then, opening the drawer beneath the counter, she pointed to the provision already there, and as I read the titles I thanked God, and took courage.

Twelve years have gone by since that day's purchases were made, and some of the articles remained with me until recently, when, in giving them to a young Christian, I narrated the blessing I had found in following the leading of the Lord; and thus, through one of the commonest events of daily life, she was able to apprehend the blessedness of seeing Jesus in the way.

On the following Monday I left for the country, with the remembrance of the Lord's guidance still fresh in my heart. Soon after, I needed a sempstress, and asked of the Lord, if he saw it good, to let me have one of the household of faith. I inquired of my landlady for such a one, but she could give me no information. Not having any acquaintance in the place, I was seldom out of my sick-room. I could but wait, knowing that I had told my need and my desire to him, whose hand of love had so often met both.

Another week went by, when my landlady suddenly remembered an afflicted woman,

within five minutes' walk of her house, who had occasionally been employed in sewing; she knew nothing else about her. Accordingly her daughter came to receive instructions for the work. I spoke to her of Jesus. She listened, and appeared confused, but not as if it were a novel subject to her, and hastily left with the work, evidently well satisfied to take it. The proximity of the cottage to my lodgings enabled me to go there. I found an interesting woman, who for fifteen years had been confined to a sofa on which she then lay, her thin hands busily employed on my work. She was, indeed, a child of the kingdom, needing the solace which is found in the mutual faith of pilgrims in the wilderness journey. She had several children, all unconverted. The lack of faith in the word and promise of a faithful God was the fetter that seemed to weigh her spirit down. The thought that she was passing away without one child having been brought to see itself as a lost sinner, or to seek salvation through the blood of her Saviour was oppressive in the extreme.

“It may be that he has prolonged your life that you may see it,” I suggested. “Perhaps he is asking you to trust him, and seeking to teach you that all your prayers, and tears, and teaching, shall not be thrown away. Hereafter you may see it. Now trust him with all your heart, and be happy in him.”

We prayed together for those children, and I was enabled to cheer her heart by recounting some fulfilled promises of God given to believing relatives, and, needing fuller faith in the same promises, I was comforted in her consolation.

One day when I visited her I found her pale face lighted up with joy — a joy as unlike the joy of nature as the natural is unlike the spiritual man. She lifted the mattress on which she reclined, and showed me some tracts, books, and papers, which I recognized as my own. Unable to extend my walk beyond the spot where I resided, I was accustomed to take my seat on some lately felled timber, near some large houses.

then in the course of erection ; and as the men went to and from their work, or the tradesmen sent from the town for orders, I had many opportunities of giving a tract or speaking a word to them ; but little did I imagine I was in a way of helping the work which we had unitedly prayed to behold.

“ See,” said she, her face brightening with hope, “ some lady has given these books from time to time to my boy. He is growing quite thoughtful. When he comes home at night he reads them. I believe the Lord is answering.”

And so it was. Two years after, when I had lost sight of her, she wrote to tell me that her boy, then a young man of twenty, had confessed Christ, and soon after was seized with rheumatic fever, which ultimately terminated in his death. His testimony and unceasing persuasion to his sister, who nursed him during his long illness, was the message of God to her soul ; and before another year had passed she also had shown forth the glad certainty of life in Christ, and fallen asleep

in Jesus, trusting in her mother's God. Behold two of the children landed on the shore beyond Jordan, an evidence of the faithfulness of God to a believing mother's prayer, who, though bereaved of her children, yields them up as pledges of her Saviour's love, sheltered from the evil to come. There is no position of distress or perplexity in which we may be placed, that is not a channel for the wonderful working of the Lord, and which, if it be brought to Jesus, may not, if we wait on him, explain wherefore it is thus with us. "Wherefore be ye not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is." Eph. v. 17.

The vapid sameness of a life passed without any communication from heavenly wisdom in earthly care is dreary indeed. I remember calling forth the contempt of a professing Christian lady, by stating that I had prayed for a laundress, and had found one. The circumstances were these. I had employed a respectable woman. Some of my linen for two or three successive weeks was

lost, yet I did not doubt the probity of the woman. She insisted that she was careful in returning it; and whether the loss arose from the misconduct or negligence of the messenger, or was abstracted after it had reached the house, it was impossible to discover. I became anxious, and determined to employ some other person, if possible; but there were few laundresses in the place.

Three weeks went by. I continued praying and waiting, but no tidings reached me of another, until one morning I stated my want to a poor woman, a stranger, who told me that the forsaken wife of a navvy, living in a cottage a mile from the town, had that week asked her to recommend her as a laundress for one lady, which was all she could undertake, having a sick infant and a child of three years of age to care for. She came to me. My heart was quickly interested in the poor young mother and the faded little one. I strove to show her God's love in the leading of his providence to help her in her extremity. It was my happiness to see her

believe, and live in the love of the Father who had given his Son, and the love of the Son who had given himself, to secure to her an everlasting portion. It was well worth waiting for.

Not to please myself, but to witness to his grace, have I narrated some of the commonest events of daily life, that all may see that out of woof and warp, without beauty or comeliness, are woven the garments of praise and the girdles of gladness.

He who knows what it is to walk with God will treasure the remembrance of every occasion, of every object, however mean in the sight of man, that gained him a new experience of the all-sufficiency of a special Saviour. The rod in the hand of Moses, the spear in the hand of Joshua, the jaw-bone of an ass in the hand of Sampson, were nothing in themselves, but they worked wonders in the name of Him to whom all power belongeth.

So is it still. The overthrow of some darling desire wrings the cry from our blind

hearts: "All these things are against me."
Yet it is the prelude to the eternal blessings
which have been promised to us from Jacob's
God. I Tim. iv. 1

"My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

EXODUS xxxiii. 14.

My presence shall go with thee. 'Tis enough!
Lead on, my heavenly guide; though dark and rough,
Through deepening shadows I must walk alone,
If thou couldst e'er forsake thy wandering one.
More, Lord, I ask not, — less I could not bear, —
Than tread this desert land, and know thee there.
Enough for faith to hear thy voice, and see
Thy own right hand in love upholding me.
And should my spirit fail, let me retrace
Thy faithfulness in other days, the grace
That guided every step, till I can say,
God changeth not; he is the same to-day.



CHAPTER III.

WAITING AND WATCHING.

BEFORE Elijah was called as the prophet of the Lord, we know not what waiting lessons had prepared him to stand before kings and reprove them. But we know that he waited long by the brook Cherith, far from human habitation, where the birds of the air, commissioned by the Lord, brought him his daily food, and he drank of the brook which flowed in the wilderness for him.

What was his service? To obey the will of the Lord; to remain until the Master sent him to the widow of Zarephath, to

bless the barrel of meal and the cruse of oil, and to raise and give back the dead son to the arms of the mourning mother.

That wilderness sojourn alone with God was but a preparation for a yet greater display of the power of Him whose prophet he was. The Lord had already shown him his favor in the acceptance of the burnt-offering. Yet even when at his word fire descended from heaven and consumed the two fifties and their captains, the Lord had still to bid him "Fear not." The position of Elijah by the brook Cherith is wholly unlike the one of which it is significantly written, "He *himself* went a day's journey into the wilderness." I Kings xix. 4. The sojourn by the brook was a preparation for service; the forty days' lonely travel was suffered to reveal a deeper knowledge of his own weakness and failure, and was the precursor of a manifestation of God himself to his servant, and a preliminary to the chariot of fire.

The time had not arrived when the

widow's heart, wrung by the famine, should be rejoiced by the kindness of the Lord in sustaining her through the barrel of meal that wasted not, and the cruse of oil that failed not. The set time was not yet for the depth of the mother's heart to be agonized with her sense of sin ; but when all things were ready, the brook which flowed through the wilderness for the lonely man dried up, and the word of the Lord came to Elijah to depart on the service to which he was unconsciously appointed.

The blessings of the new dispensation are woven like golden threads through the old, and the prophet, welcomed as the servant of the Lord, leaves the blessing of the New Covenant in the house of the stranger.

The cup of cold water is literally the commencement of the special dealing with the widow of Zarephath, and receives the like reward promised by the Master, Matt. x. 40. "He that receiveth you receiveth me, and he that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me." She had received him as "sent of

God ;” and though he seemed to bring sorrow to her house, yet it was the “sorrow after a godly sort,” to be turned into a joy with which a stranger intermeddled not.

Elijah was a man subject to like passions as we are. His fears and failure did not bring him into the position of punishment when he was placed in those desert solitudes. It was there he experienced the power and presence of the Lord of hosts. It was there in waiting that he served, there in believing that he was established.

There are seasons when every door by which we would go forth closes as we approach it ; every effort to serve, in our own way, is abortive. When it is so with you, “take heed and be quiet : fear not, neither be faint-hearted.” Elijah’s God is yours.

Do you think God has forgotten to be gracious, because you have no active service ?

God never forgets mercy and loving kindness. He knows that self-dependence and success would soon leave his bright gold dim. Helplessness and inactivity in desert

places are part of the education of his spiritual child ; not of nature and time, but of grace and eternity.

Who placed you just where you are ? Who closes every door by which you would gladly go forth and labor ? It is the Lord.

Oh to realize this ; and so to realize it that these waiting hours, so far from being lost time, shall become the seed-time of the soul's more fruitful season ! Like Elijah, heart-sick and weary, you may turn from the promises that once sustained you and cry, " Let me die." No, no ! " Arise, and eat ; for the journey is too great for thee." You are in the wilderness, a mark for Satan's assaults and Satan's wiles ; but you are not too far for protection and deliverance. If the prayer of your sad heart be denied it is denied for the glory of the Father. Elijah, hopeless and lonely, would once have died, and left his work undone ; but so shall not you. Fear not obstacles which arise, or dangers which threaten. God is mightier than they, and he has placed you here to receive

the blessing he has promised for them that follow him.

Only believe. If a child forgets the obedience of a child, and takes the position of a willful servant, he must not expect to realize the power and presence of him who has promised to show him the way he shall go, and the thing he shall do.

If a father has commanded his son to remain at home, and alone, without assigning any reason, and the son chooses from the love of labor to go forth and work in the fields, is it pleasing to the father? Could he not have sent a servant fitted for the work had he required it, while the son waited for the command of the king, whose messenger he was? "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength: and ye would not." Isa. xxx. 15.

The submissive spirit of the child trusts to the Father's wisdom and believes in the Father's love, and accepts the place allotted him, knowing that it is good to wait on him.

The Lord calls many of his messengers from the desert to bear testimony, or do that which he has appointed them; and if they are following him, and obeying his will, his work is dearer to them than their own. They will be ready to return to solitude, or sickness, or whatsoever he has appointed, knowing that he will call them when the time is come. He will not forget his waiting servants. But if they are out of the place he has appointed, it proves that they are unmeet for the message, the importance of which they cannot estimate; and their failure will cause them an eternal loss.

When David's harp is no longer required to soothe the troubled soul of Saul, he returns to his sheep in the wilderness, waiting until the set time is fully come to use the sling and the stone, in the sight of his scornful brethren, and in the face of the boastful Philistines. Our teaching is from faith to faith, and from strength to strength. There were encounters in those Judean mountains for the young champion of Israel. The

lion and the bear must first be slain, with none to behold but the living God, who has the strength and shield of his servant, and whose might should make the shepherd's sling and stone more formidable than the well-ordered army of Israel. (1 Sam. xvii. 24.) The training and teaching of his messengers the Lord retains in his own hand. He has promised to lead them about, and instruct them, and keep them as the apple of his eye.

If the desire of your heart be Jesus—to follow him, to be his messenger, with a deeper comprehension of himself—then you must be content to suffer, if you would serve. “What I tell you in darkness, that speak ye in light: and what ye hear in the ear, that preach ye upon the housetops.” Matt. x. 27. The Lord did not give any of his disciples immunity from suffering. They were to proclaim the gospel, to be witnesses of what they had heard and seen; they were to have no strange god within. He who knows the timid heart with which he has to

deal, in every phase of loving consideration bids them "Fear not." Isaiah xliii. 2, 3, 10; xliv. 2, 8. But there was no promise that they should be protected from sickness or danger. They were more frequently delivered out of trouble (Ps. xci. 15), that the glory of the Lord might appear. Paul preached in his bonds, and Peter saw wonders in his prison that he never saw elsewhere; and when we open the marvelous book of Revelation, it is not to read the complaints of a captive, but the record of the most sublime manifestation of glory and power ever made to the sons of men. To whom? To the disciple whom Jesus loved! "A brother and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, who was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ." The promise of the Master who calls you (Acts i. 7, 8) is not canceled; and if we wait for him, and the desire of our souls is his name and the remembrance of him, we shall surely hear

his voice, saying, "Whom shall we send?" Oh to be able to reply with clean hands and an upright heart, "Here am I; send me!"

In one of my desert journeyings I was longing to fly from those among whom I found neither fellowship nor service, supposing, in my ignorance, that a place without testimony or service was no place for me. Each time I strove to make arrangements to leave I was disappointed; and at length, when the way seemed to open, I was laid low with fever, which for five weeks kept me a prisoner in the third story of a lofty hotel. But though a place of suffering, it had at least the advantage of removing me from those whose hardness and antagonism kept me in a state of mental distress. Here I learned something of desert teaching, although I have profited so little by it. I was content at last to be there, just where the hand of the Lord had placed me, alone in a strange land, separated from all whose love and fellowship in the Living Head would have soothed or comforted my

heart, or strengthened my hand. I was led on from doing my will, which is often naturally active service, to a desire to suffer the will of the Lord in waiting his time; and this must be learned sooner or later, if we are to see the glory of God.

Circumstances led me to ask him for a more airy and commodious chamber; and the change to one with a pleasant balcony overlooking a wide expanse of mountain, plain, and sea, revived my spirits. As I praised him and asked for his blessing in my new room, there came such an unmistakable sense of his presence, that, had I before entertained any doubt as to my position, it would have fled; for the Lord does not so meet his children when they are "out of the way."

Amid my supplication came the yearning cry of Abraham—"What wilt thou give me, seeing I go childless?" As I sat before him to know how this recovered peace, this full heart-happiness, was to be used, it came to my mind that I must dress and go to the

general dinner-table, from which I had been many weeks absent.

I was weak and nervous, and when I reached the ante-room, I paused to pray that the Lord would be very present with me; that if I were called to speak of him and for him, he would place me near whomsoever he had chosen, and incline their ears to listen. I hoped it might not be an entire stranger; but my heart dwelling on the mercies of the past, I felt I could trust him. Many of the familiar faces I had formerly known had departed, and strangers occupied their places. The same chair was allotted to me as when I last dined there — rejected and despised by those who hated the Lord.

One seat near to me remained vacant, and while I marveled at this, it was taken by an officer, whose fine, frank, and intelligent face, and courteous bearing, distinguished him from those around. He was not alone, which made the difficulty of addressing him the greater; but Jesus was there, and he was teaching me to wait, until the door was

opened that no man can shut. My neighbor spoke of the opera and the theater, evidently rather for the purpose of opening a conversation. There was a shadow on his face as though pre-occupied, and his voice betrayed suppressed emotion. When he paused, I told him of my pleasures; of the treasures laid up for those who find their rest in a very present God, and the riches of his grace in Christ Jesus. At first his silence pained me; but as I glanced at him, I was conscious that, though his eyes seemed fixed upon some distant object, he was both listening to and pondering my words. Long he lingered at that crowded table, amid the jar of strange tongues, and light and flippant phrases. The God of the whole earth was wooing the heart of the stranger; and who can withstand him?

We stood face to face for our last parting words, and then it was my turn to listen, and before we had separated, I realized something of the eternal joy "laid up" in everlasting habitations for them that "fol-

low the Lamb whithersoever he goeth." He told me that heart and mind had gone through such fierce conflict, that even health had given way beneath the overwhelming flood; but "the Spirit of the Lord had lifted up a standard against it," and he had met with a solution by simple faith. Where? At the public table of a wayside inn in a foreign land.

These last words of hearty thanksgiving, so sweet to the heart of Jesus, I know were echoed by the "shining ones" and the "watchers" of the heirs of salvation, and amid principalities and powers in heavenly places the God of grace was magnified.

Had I been faithful in all that the Lord guided me to do for one dear to him, I should have been preserved from many a sorrowful pang, and have known more of his loving kindness and tender mercy; but I failed. The fear of man, which bringeth a snare, and unbelief, "the sin which doth so easily beset us," left me shadowed in my soul, and bereft of peace and gladness.

And now it was not *waiting* time under the wing of Jehovah as before, but waiting under the shadow of failure, which bewilders the spiritual faculties, until faith, renewed by the Holy Spirit's power, beholds the blood upon the mercy-seat, and the High Priest by the altar. Heb. iv. 15, 16.

Daniel in the lion's den, and the king waiting for the morning, present a striking contrast between the man who knows the God of Jacob as his very present help, and one who knows him not. Daniel, resting on the power and love of him who was with him in the den of lions, passes the midnight in peaceful security, though surrounded by danger; while Darius, where no danger was, with all that rank and riches could bestow, was anxious and fearful, watching for the dawn.

If the presence of the Beloved is obscured, and the inner light has become darkness, the soul will be tormented by the imagination, writhing under the fiery darts of the Wicked One: so that when we are

chastened for sin odious in the sight of a holy God, it is to save us from sorrow and estrangement, that we may remember his covenant, and how bitter a thing it is to depart from the living God.

The terrible war that shook Europe, and sent vibrations through thousands of happy households, gathered in one appalling battle three mighty nations in one death struggle, and summoned the young soldier to the field. The telegram which announced his call overwhelmed me with dismay. I shrank before the suggestion of Satan, that by my fault a soul would perish, that the past was an illusion ; and the future I could not look upon, until, in some measure, I had realized the "the covenant ordered in all things and sure."

And now, heeding nothing but the remembrance of my own failure, all fear of man was lost in a desperate effort to write, and, if possible, to be assured that life eternal had begun for him to whom God had sent me. With this poor effort to redeem

the past came back the smile of the Beloved, and on the eve of the battle there arrived a few lines of blessing and farewell, which I knew were guided by his God and my God to speak peace to my soul — and they did so. And herein he taught me that there is no service begun in *his* name that does not carry its influence throughout eternity. “We walk by faith, not by sight;” and though the object that once drew forth our solicitude and prayer may be hidden from us, it is beneath the eye that never slumbers nor sleeps, “but runneth to and fro upon the earth.” His power alone first drew our hearts to serve: his wisdom guided our way; his blessing can alone cause it to prosper; and we must follow it in faith.

When the Hebrew mother cast her child upon the waters of the Nile, she watched what should become of him, and waited; and I am more convinced than ever of the eternal loss to those who do not bear in mind that one sent of God does not deliver his message by a single act of faith alone,

but in waiting and watching until the Lord himself has completed his work.

But for my lack of faith and courage, the Lord might have used me for the strengthening of the soul he gave — nay, he would have done so — and as I sat before him, and knew his faithless servant forgiven, I cried for life for the young soldier; and in one of those hours of fellowship and reunion with him who spake to Abraham face to face, I received the assurance that my prayer was heard, and that the buckler of the Lord should be over the life that I trusted to him, who had given me the assurance of the Eternal One. Often while that strife raged, and no tidings reached us of its issue, I was compelled to leave the letter I was writing, the book I was reading, in which the covenant of God shone forth like stars at midnight, and throwing myself before him, remind him of the promise I had received again and again from himself that this life, precious in his sight, should be covered with the shield of the Lord; and it was so.

One day, when harassed by temptation, and weary with "the contradiction of sinners" who despised my Master, I was drawn to his feet. He willed me to be there with renewed supplications for the life he had already given to me. Then came the longing desire that he also should know, in the din of the battle, that One mightier than the mightiest was there, that God was his defense. No sooner had the thought formed itself into prayer, than a flood of Scripture flowed with power into my mind. And as distinct and clear as the Word of God beneath my hand came the command to write, and the promise that the letter should reach him in safety.

Oh, these are moments of great and rich compensation, when we behold for awhile the glory of God as seen in the face of Jesus Christ, and forget the sorrows of the way!

So I wrote; and the letter sent of God remains as one of those mysterious testimonies of his power and love. The young

officer had exchanged into another regiment. I knew no address beyond the one in the capital, which had found him in the time of peace; and now, during the fiercest onset of the enemy, with the dead and dying around him, the balls of the enemy falling fast and thick, amid the roar of cannon and blinding smoke, came the word of the Lord through a once faithless messenger, again girded for service, "I will surely deliver thee, and thou shalt not fall by the sword, but thy life shall be for a prey unto thee: because thou hast put thy trust in me, saith the Lord." Jer. xxxix. 18. This single text was the key-note of the letter I had committed to him; and I waited—waited to see what would become of it.

Around the mountain home, to which the Lord had unmistakably led me, the snow had begun to fall—not as in our English winters, fitfully, and at intervals with storm and wind, but steadily, quietly, not melting away, being unaffected by atmospheric influences; and so it continued to fall, until

the clouds dispersed, leaving a white wilderness around.

The glaciers in their blue light now sparkled beneath the bright rays of the sun; the vast Alps, tinged at sunset with that faint rose hue, gave an indescribable beauty to the mountains far and near. In some instances a waterfall burst through the snow; and the glittering icicles, falling from the feathery branches of the larch and pine, left them standing out, strong and black, against the cloudless blue sky. Not a breath of wind broke the dead calm; not a sound came over the wide deserted fields of snow, save the tinkle of the cattle bells. It seemed that God had shut me up. My Alpine dwelling became "a little sanctuary." The thorns of the wilderness hedged me around. And here I was led to consider that I had prayed for an experimental knowledge of fellowship according to John xiv., and doubtless he had ordained to answer my prayer. There rose before me people I had met and lost sight of; strangers

I had spoken to for my Master, in my fifteen years' journey towards the "many mansions;" servants of the Lord laid upon my heart for prayer, many of whom I have never seen in the flesh, whom I never expect to behold until the manifestation of the sons of God — my spiritual children; friends dearly beloved and longed for; books running to and fro upon the earth; letters written and forgotten; warnings given and rejected; and then, over and above all, the cry of my soul for those appointed to die, for the wounded, the dying, the broken-hearted, the scattered households, fruits of that terrible war.

And the letter? My letter! Nay, God's letter. I had written it for him. I had committed it to him. Will it be lost? Will the hand which should unfold it be cold and stiffened in death? Will the eye be glazed that should have looked upon it? Who should tell me if it were so? Who shall tell its fate? It will be asked, Did I realize its safety? Yes. When I was nearest to

the Lord, when I walked “in the light, as he is in the light,” I was assured at that moment the life I had prayed for was mine, and the letter was on its way to him, whose living eye would read the word of the Lord. On that wide battle-field more than one I had known were exposed to danger and death. One soul alone seemed specially committed to me, and he was safe beneath the wings of Jehovah. A thousand might fall at his side, and ten thousand at his right hand ; but the bullet winged with destruction, or the sword uplifted to slay, could not come nigh him ; for the Lord had promised it. And at such times I was able to praise ; for I believed that which I had no means at the time to certify.

I waited for an answer. A week went by ; and then I had a return of the malady which had been the messenger to carry me from my own country, and now compelled me to quit my Alpine home without a day’s delay. My reluctance to depart arose principally from the dread of thus forfeiting my

only probable prospect of ascertaining the reception of my letter.

Thus when the Lord bids us, "Call unto me, and I will show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not" (Jer. xxxiii. 3), we cry like frightened children, because he has set this honor upon us, to deal with us as sons, not as servants, to share with us his counsels, and reveal to us more of his unsearchable wisdom and love; we loathe "the light food of the wilderness," and sigh for the flesh-pots of Egypt, the tangible things of time and sense, in the house of bondage out of which he hath delivered us.

My journey could only be accomplished by short stages. I had no certain dwelling-place, and there appeared little probability of reliable information, even of the issue of the war, still less of the security of my letter.

By the grace of God, I was able to cast all my care on him. I had striven to follow him—to know his will, and to do it; and

the result I left until that day when every secret thing shall be brought into judgment, whether it be good or whether it be evil.

My prayer turned into praise. I reached one of the Italian cities, not knowing if I should live to leave it. The following morning was placed in my hand the answer to my letter, from the battle-field, within a few days of the termination of that disastrous war.

Untouched by the enemy, amid the slaughter around him, with friend and comrade fallen at his side—unharmcd by the pestilence that walked at noonday, the young officer, unscathed, could say, "The Lord of hosts is with us. The God of Jacob is our refuge. O God, the Lord, the strength of my salvation; thou *hast* covered my head in the day of battle!" The marvelous way in which the letter had reached him was little less remarkable than the reply which had followed me. That penciled letter did not glitter among the trophies gathered from the field, stained with blood,

to be watered with tears ; but it was “laid up before the Lord,” precious in the sight of his feeble messenger ; and oh ! how precious is the sight of the God of Jacob, the hearer and answerer of prayer.

THE WAY OF THE LORD.

“I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go ; I will guide thee with mine eye. Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding ; whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee.” — Psalm xxxii. 8, 9

FATHER, for pleasant paths on earth

My spirit yearneth not ;

For loving kindred’s clasping hands,

And home, I ask thee not.

Lighten mine eyes, that I may read

Thy will, where’er I be,

And from each passing hour receive

A message, Lord, from thee.

Lead me to seek with patient prayer

Thy counsel for my stay,

And look to thee to guide my steps

In thine appointed way ;

With glad and grateful heart accept

The work thy wisdom wills,


And bless the hand that all in love
My cup of sorrow fills.
Show me the path that I should take,
What heart to cheer or bless,
Even as I would ask of thee
For comfort in distress;
Content to share in others' joys,
And if this may not be,
Still happy that my checkered lot
Was chosen, Lord, by thee.





CHAPTER IV.

WAITING FOR SERVICE.

OD'S chosen witnesses, separated in his sovereignty, and anointed by the Holy Spirit for work and warfare, have to watch and wait before they gain an intelligent understanding of the position assigned them by the Lord ; and many a one, accepted and known of Him, is unacknowledged or despised of man.

Even the prophet, when sent of God to anoint a king in the place of Saul, who was rejected, judged by the sight of his natural eyes ; and looking upon the first-born of Jesse, the tall and comely Eliab, he at once supposed that the Lord's anointed was be-

fore him. But not from among the warlike followers of Saul had the Lord elected the future king and leader of his people, who was to shadow forth our divine Shepherd-King. It was the youngest of the family — the stripling shepherd — whom God had chosen as the future captain of his people Israel.

How often we have heard the observation, “If only such an one were converted, what a valuable laborer would he prove in the vineyard!”

This is like Samuel judging after the sight of the eyes. The very strength and endowments of the natural man are not unfrequently as a citadel fortified against the spiritual nature, and they have to be subjugated, and perhaps destroyed, before the Lord can reign in the temple he has ordained for his own glory; for “flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.” The vessel set apart for the Master’s use will bear upon its chiseled surface the

mark of the Master's hand, and every stroke is a hieroglyphic of deep meaning to the observant soul ; read here in the partial unveiling of his purposes of love, to be seen hereafter in its full beauty and glory.

What fierce assaults have such to bear, what desperate conflicts, what casting away of treasures the world prizes, or even our brethren esteem, before the chosen vessel can be used in the heavenly kingdom ! Many poor, weak, infirm, and unlettered, set at nought like the stone which the builders rejected, are yet ordained by God to be among the athletes in the kingdom. For to-day, as in the day of the prophet Samuel, " the Lord seeth not as man seeth ; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

Many may be gathered together for sacrifice in sight of the world, yet the chosen vessel may not be among them. Like David, with his father's sheep in the wilderness there is, may-be, one whose secret life has been a preparation for the position to which

he is suddenly called, not by man, but by God—one whose conflicts are known only to him who has delivered his servant out of the fangs of the lion ready to devour, and out of the fierce embrace of the bear, and of whose victories the world has heard nothing.

The Lord might have protected his servant *from* these dangers, but he did not. He delivered him *out of* them, that he might trust in the same Almighty strength in his encounter with the champion of the Philistines in the sight of two armies, and in all the varied trials of his future life. He would be thus led to look for the presence and strength of the Lord of hosts, who “giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.”
Isaiah xl. 29–31.

Many a waiting hour was needful to enrich the harp of David, and many a waiting hour in the wilderness will gather for us a psalm of "thanksgiving, and the voice of melody," to cheer the hearts of fainting ones here below, and to make glad our Father's house on high. What was the preparation of the son of Jesse for the songs like unto which none have ever sounded on this earth? The outrage of the wicked, which brought forth cries for God's help. Then the faint hope in God's goodness blossomed into a song of rejoicing for his mighty deliverance and manifold mercies! Every sorrow was another string to his harp; every deliverance another theme for praise. The vicissitudes that would have silenced any other bard, or unstrung harp that God had not put into his hand, only enriched David's strain of melody.

David learned not his lore in cities; and that wondrous harp, destined to breathe the prophetic sorrows of the Son of God, finds no mention in his shepherd life until his skill upon it is made known to Saul.

One thrill of anguish spared, one blessing unmarked or unprized, one difficulty or danger evaded, how great would have been our loss in that thrilling psalmody in which God's people to-day find the expression of their grief or praise! known only to him who had breathed in the soul that sung the heavenly theme, and tuned the harp as no human skill has ever done!

To wait for God, and to suffer his will, is to know him in the fellowship of his sufferings, and to be conformed to the likeness of his Son. So now, if the vessel is to be enlarged for spiritual understanding, be not affrighted at the wider sphere of suffering that awaits you. The divine capacity of sympathy will have a more extended sphere; for the breathing of the Holy Ghost in the new creation never made a stoic, but left the heart's affection tender and true. "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you: but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of

Christ's sufferings; that, when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy." 1 Peter iv. 12, 13. Oh, beloved, be of good courage! If there be a wide-spreading vine, there must be a more extensive pruning; but then, in the great harvest there shall be a more abundant fruitage. The greater the capacity of the vessel formed to honor, and chiseled by the hand of the heavenly workman, and refined in the furnace heated seven times more than is wont, the more shall be the overflowing with the exceeding riches of his glory, *laid up* for it before the world began.

In an obscure street in one of the most important cities of North Britain, the Lord has placed one of his chosen vessels, now for a time hidden from casual observation, hereafter to be seen in the kingdom of the just, when we shall enter into our rest, and with bodies like to his glorious body serve him day and night in his temple.

I have prayed the Lord to show me some of his jewels here before I behold them in

the glory, as each one bears some likeness to him unseen or undeveloped in others. And truly he has hearkened to my cry, and unveiled them from many a rough casket to my delighted gaze, and in unexpected ways, in many strange places. And among these Scotland is written on my heart. Not for its purple heather and its fragrant moors, not only for its warm welcome in hall and cottage, but that in the green moorlands and its city dwellings I have been permitted to receive some of the answers to my longing prayer, and to trace the hand of the great Master fashioning the jewels for his royal crown.

With a dear friend, who had divined what would give me pleasure, we drove to the humble dwelling of one who lived with God. I entered a low kitchen with an uneven flag floor. Many of these paving-stones having sunk into holes from the damp in the soil beneath, and others having been broken, it was needful to walk cautiously. I record this more particularly because the

inmate of the room had only one leg — the other was amputated from the hip, under a formidable operation — and the wooden limb, as might easily be supposed, was constantly in danger of tripping in these cavities, which even a careful but unaccustomed visitor might find a difficulty in avoiding.

I wondered at the ease and celerity with which my new Scotch friend, in ready hospitality, moved towards us a seat and footstool for my comfort. The furniture consisted of a table, a shelf bedstead resembling a ship's berth, a tiny old-fashioned stove, and a settle and forms; while a rather deep shelf in the casement held her little store of books.

There, unseen and unrecorded by the busy multitude, but owned, and blessed, and visited by the Father and the Son, lived the dear Scotch schoolmistress; in whom I felt at once that unerring sympathy that flows from a soul in communion with its Maker, "even the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him."

The schoolmistress was about sixty years of age, fair, slightly gray-haired, with pleasant features ; and her bright, cheerful countenance had a spiritual attraction that draws the heart which loves God at once to "love his brother also."

In her younger days she was servant to a family almost as poor as herself. She labored from morn till night, milking cows and tending them ; and with the little education of her early years, many a one said that it would be impossible to hold a school. But with God all things are possible.

Her northern accent and animation had a charm for me ; and though my companion doubted if we should understand each other, yet we were soon in happy communion concerning "the chief among ten thousand -- the altogether lovely."

"It was a great affliction to you to lose your leg," I said, as she alluded to the circumstance.

"Nae, nae," replied the schoolmistress cheerfully ; "that was the best thing that

e'er happened to me! It was from losing my limb that I found something better—pardon and peace. It was the first step to knowing Jesus Christ as my Saviour. My life has been often nearly ended, but the Lord delivered me again and again.

“I was born at I——, in the parish of M——. When I was four years of age I was nearly scalded to death, and seriously injured from my waist to the sole of my foot.

“At nine years of age I went to service; and at ten I went for the first time to a Sabbath-class which I loved much. It was kept by a faithful servant of God, Mr. Patterson; but soon I had to give this up, as I went to live with another mistress. When I was fourteen I attended school for a short time, and then returned to service.

“When I was about eighteen I had permission to pay a visit of a day to my parents. I had promised to return in time to tend the cows; but I had overlooked the hour, and fearing to break my word, I ran the whole

way, a distance of twelve miles. The veins of my leg burst, and I was never well again; but I went on with my work, and kept regularly at service.

“I married. My husband was often ailing, and I had to work harder than ever before; yet the pain and inconvenience often made it a difficult thing to keep on my way.

“I gave birth to a fine boy, and two years afterwards to a second. The year following my eldest child died. Ten months afterwards my limb was pronounced incurable. I was sent to the infirmary, where I was most faithfully and tenderly attended by Dr. Keith and the kind nurses.

“It was on the eve of the amputation that my soul was awakened, and I saw myself a lost sinner. I knew it was possible that I might die under the operation, and where should I be? For though believing that there was a Saviour, yet to me it was as though there were not; for I knew him not as *my* Saviour, nor had I ever believed in the

utter depravity of my heart, or seen that I was under condemnation, and that if I died as I was I must be lost ! lost ! ”

The voice of one crying in the wilderness of her dark soul awakened the sleeper. Like a trumpet voice there sounded continually in her ears and her heart, and there rose up before her eyes, “ We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.” 2 Cor. v. 10. This verse was ever in her sight, when it was not ringing in her ears. Her soul was wounded within her, more diseased and dangerous than the poor limb, so that she had no rest by day or night.

As the hour approached for the amputation her distress increased ; not from the prospect of pain, but from the load of sin. Where should she turn ? To whom should she go ? “ *Thou* hast the words of eternal life,” and thou alone canst minister to the broken heart.

As she was being carried into the operating room there came, distinct and clear as the denunciation of judgment had been, "He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter; and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth." "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all!"

She knew not that the leg had been amputated. Peace entered into her soul, and casting herself on him who lives, that we may live also, she was able to cry, "Lord, into thy hands I commit my spirit," believing it was her first prayer and her last before she entered into his presence.

But although she could cast her soul on him who had died, she found it a harder task to trust him for daily bread. Continually she cried, "Oh, what can I do with only one leg?" She had now been separated for six weeks from her husband and infant of thirteen months old. "Oh, my little lammie!" she cried, in dismay, "what can I do for ye now with only one leg?" for her husband was now a confirmed invalid.

Then came the voice of the Spirit, as clearly to advocate the love and power of him who died that we may live, as before to show her life from the dead. "My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Phil. iv. 19. And she believed it.

But faith was again to be tried. Hemorrhage set in; long fainting fits like death followed; and she could not understand by her natural sight *how* these promises of help should come, when she was sinking without a hope of testimony for the Lord who had rescued her, and had given her faith to trust him for eternal life; and now — to die without witnessing for him. But the Lord was mindful of her sorrow and anxiety; and the desire to live *for* him was born of him.

A visitor came to her bedside, and, with the power that the Lord alone can give to his own message, said, in answer to her fears,

"You will not die, but live. Jesus wants you to work for him."

The message of hope thrilled her soul with joy, and from that day new strength came to help her on the way. She recovered, and returned to her husband and family, and thenceforth praised the Lord. Six years after this she received the power of the Spirit. And for sixteen years this dear servant of the Lord has held on her way with the song of praise on her lips.

“I knew,” she said, “Christ as my Saviour for six years, and was assured of my safety from eternal death. I knew that he could supply my daily wants; but I had *not* received the baptism of the Spirit. But this also was to be mine. It came on me quite unexpectedly, in a meeting, where a lady was speaking of the necessity of something more, and of the real baptism of the Holy Ghost. I felt it was for me. Nay, I felt it was mine, and I arose and declared what the Lord had wrought in my soul. And before them all I prayed for him to strengthen me in this testimony. Then clear as the other times the Spirit had wit-

nessed to me of his truth and power, came the words, ‘Rely on my righteousness.’ And I had no other desire than to work and serve my Saviour.”

“My husband became more infirm in health, and had been long dependent on me. I had another daughter; and then my second daughter died. I kept a small shop of such things as bore no duty, and this I attended to from five in the morning until eleven at night. I became a widow. Great was the difficulty of obtaining a living, and of keeping my two children, who were now all that were left me. My desire was to serve the Lord by bringing more souls to him than I could do in the hurried sale of my small wares, and I waited to see his will. He knew what he wanted me for!

“It came into my mind to open this small school. I commenced it with three scholars, at one penny a week. More and more came, for they improved so much that the parents were better pleased to send them to me than elsewhere. My aim was to lead these young

hearts to Jesus, and he knew and he blessed me. I think that I may safely say that *sixty-three* have not disappointed me ; and many are already gone home to wait with him until I meet them in the glory.

“Parents will feel for me when I tell them that during my long weakness and suffering after the operation, I was obliged to leave my child to the care of others, in the country ; and when he saw me again he not only did not recognize me, but even seemed estranged in affection from me. The child may forget, but the parent forgets not. Ah ! many and many were my trials of faith and patience. But oh, since I have known the heavenly union, what seasons of refreshing I have known, what comprehension of things before strange and hard to bear !

“You see, I am old now,” said our happy teacher ; “I have no teeth, and I am long over my breakfast. Then it is I like to pick my ‘Bible bones.’ I take a chapter — a verse — and I ask the Holy Spirit to open it to me ; and perhaps he does not show it to

me that day or the next, or later still, — perhaps never ; but then I shall know it, when the time is come, and I always get a blessing out of it.

“ My school is my service for the Lord ; yet is it a small part only of the service to which he calls me. In the evening I have a class of young men who are learning a trade by day ; and also of the girls at the mills, who do not like to go to another school, fearing the younger ones may ridicule their ignorance, for they have not had the same opportunities in their childhood. I teach them to read, write, and keep accounts. Those who have been in this elder class have owed to much good received.

“ I repeat one text to them each day. It is always direct from the Master, and therefore is always blessed to some one. These texts are learned and repeated, and carried home ; and many a day my heart has been strengthened by hearing of the comfort they have been to some member of the families, though perhaps it was a long time afterwards.

“In the intervals of school hours people come, anxious or troubled souls, or some who are interested in hearing of the answers to prayer I get, showing the love and faithfulness of the Lord. My heart is up with him, as they tell me their case and relate their sorrows. And I seek to give them the advice my Master gives me for them.

“Some days I have no visitors. Then I go out to see the sick and dying; and as I go I lift up my heart that I may be ready with my Master’s message when I enter the house. And I get such blessings, such answers to prayer, that I wonder and adore, and look to my faithful Jesus in grateful love that he uses me for his glory and the good of souls.”

The love with which our dear schoolmistress inspires her pupils is one of the secrets of her influence. The little ones pay one penny per week—they do not always bring even this small payment, but they are just as welcome. Money is not her object, but *Jesus*. He told her he would supply all her

needs ; and he has not forgotten his promise, —and she has not forgotten it either, but pleads it when she needs it, and praises him through all.

And now, as to this little school, which to my mind, stands unrivaled amidst the varied modes of communicating instruction to the little ones. I would commend it to the prayerful consideration of those who desire to bring up children for eternity — not in form, but in spirit.

To my question, “ How do you teach such young children, who cannot even read ? ” she replied,

“ By prayer. I welcome them with prayer, having already been to our Master’s feet for my message, and for light and blessing or my teaching. When I dismiss them I give thanks for any good they may have received. My desire is to bring God before them as *seen* in Jesus Christ, God’s Son, and in the Holy Spirit’s power. All I teach them I teach them in prayer. And when the day’s duties are over, and I must go to rest to be

fitted for another day's work, I go over my labor and pray him to seal it with a blessing.

“ When the children are round about me, to make them understand the nature of prayer in daily needs, I ask for a cup of water when a little weary and thirsty, and I put up a brief petition for the Lord to bless the water. There is profound silence without my bidding. At another time, covering my face with my hands, I have asked for light and sunshine in a dark, cloudy day. And so many times has he answered, that the children, in low, glad voice, will say, ‘ God has answered already.’ Then I hold up my hand, saying, ‘ Hush, while we thank him,’ and all is silence. The children do not forget this, and often in their prayerless homes they repeat to their ungodly parents the lessons they have learned of faith in God. Many a mother has told me that she was thus led to pray ; and others who knew little of such things, have had their faith strengthened by the account of these simple prayers answered.

“Many a night, while their eyes are closed in slumber, I am praying the Master for them; and when I awake in the morning, my first prayer is to thank the God of all mercies that I am still on the earth to labor awhile for him, and I lay all my day’s duties before him once more.”

The peculiar mode of instruction lays hold of the young hearts, and when so many “object lessons” of external things have been pressed on childhood, it seems to have been reserved for one taught of God to bring forward the things which are seen, and are temporal, in order to shadow forth the things which are not seen, which are eternal.

A slight sketch of one of these lessons will give some faint idea of what seemed to me a fascinating application of the truths of God, to be engraven (as it has proved very often to be) on the minds of these little ones.

There are two or three books on her table. She takes the two largest in her hands.

“See, children, here are two books,” and every little head is turned at once. “You see, God writes all your bad deeds in *this* book. Shall we say what these leaves tell? The lie, the disobedience, the bad words all are written here.

“But Jesus calls you to go to him. He has been punished for your wickedness. Child, will you go to this dear Saviour?

“Now God reads your name written in the white book. See what he does. He takes the napkin [suited the action to the word], he dips it in the blood of his dear Son, the Lamb of God, and wipes it all away. He washes all the evil deeds clean out, and says, ‘Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.’

“Now, children, look at me.”

Every eye follows her hand, as she gathers her books and working implements together, and makes with them a covered passage across the table.

“Now see. Here walk the lambs of

Christ with him. Jesus is a wall of fire round about his people, and his wings cover them, and he gives light to the end of the road.

“ ‘He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust.’

Then waving the napkin —

“ See this napkin. Who could lean against it? There is no strength in it. *But* if I lean on Jesus he will never fail me, he is so strong. He is my strong Rock and house of defense.”

One of her addresses — all of which have an earnestness and tenderness which may well win her the love and reverence of her little pupils — closed thus :

“ My lammies, I like ye to learn weel ; for I shall soon be awa. Soon the great white angel will come for me ; and he will say to me, ‘ Come awa ; you have no more work to do. No more shall you walk in weariness. No more shall you speak to the little lammies. No more shall ye weep. No more shall ye be sick. No more shall ye be sor-

rowful. Come awa with me ; your work is done !' Then the gates of that bright place where Jesus is will fly open wide, and Jesus himself will say to me, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.'

"Pray, pray on, God's dear children ! You may not see the answer to some of your prayers here, but Jesus sees them. Every one is a letter written to him, and laid on the table in heaven to be answered when the time is come." [Then lifting up a letter from the table] — "Jesus will say, 'My Father, here is a prayer of one of mine ; it is still unanswered, it is needed *now*.' Perhaps you may be in *heaven* when he says *that*. No matter, it is *your* letter, and your prayer, and it *must* be answered. 'Answer this, my Father, for Thy name sake, and for Thy glory ! *Bless* such an one *now* !' and it is done !"

One little fellow, whose family removed from the place, walked miles from his home to the teacher so dear to him. He was half-

witted in worldly matters, but in the things of God he had the wisdom of the simple. Another, eight years old, an intelligent and promising boy, gave his heart to Jesus, unmistakably bringing forth fruit.

When he first went home, he said to his father, "Father, why do *you* never pray?"

The man hastily replied, "How do you know I never pray?"

"Because I never heard you! Mistress says that those who will be among the burned ones, are those who have never prayed."

It was a token of blessing to see the evident fruit of the new life in the boy. She had only time to mark it, and praise for it, when he was seized with small-pox, and in ten days he had made one of the little band to welcome the dear instructress to the habitations of the ransomed flock.

One day, my friend, to whom I am indebted for some of these rough notes, told me that while waiting for admittance to the schoolroom, she was attracted by a pretty

child in the street. "I called her to me, and spoke to her of Jesus. The child did not reply. She listened with the deepest attention to all I said, her head bent on her breast, and her brown hands clasped in the attitude of attention. As I proceeded, she nodded assent in the most intelligent manner, as if perfectly understanding and entering into all I told her, of the tender care of the Good Shepherd over his own lambs; adding, that 'Not only old people and sick people die, but children. There are many little graves in the churchyard.'

"The child lifted hand and eyes to heaven, and with a smile that told how well she had comprehended, replied —

" 'Yes, there *is* little graves in the churchyard; but the big trumpet will sound, and *we* shall all rise up again and meet Jesus.' "

There was no difficulty in tracing the school where the wee lammie had learned her lesson.

"As to prayer," said my new-found jewel, "I am not taken up with this petition or

another, until I have had a look at our lovely Jesus. Then he sends the Spirit in full measure, and the words of persuasion for that which he wills come to my mouth. Often I cannot continue in silent prayer. I speak aloud to him in the night season ; nay, I cry to him. One midnight a man passing the house heard some one speaking, and stopped at my casement, to listen to my prayer. Up to that hour no word of prayer had ever passed his lips. Two years afterwards he returned to this place. He told me of the blessing that had fallen on his soul that night, when curiosity had led him to my window, and for the first time he understood that a sinner can approach the mercy-seat with assurance when washed in the blood of the Saviour, and anointed by the Spirit of grace."

Her pupils are forty-four in number, besides the adult class. She visits the sick and dying in her neighborhood, often during the great severity of winter, when snow and frost render the way dangerous even for

those who are not afflicted as she has been. One night she waited on the threshold of her humble home before she ventured out on the snowy pavement in the darkness. The icicles hung from the roof over the low doorway, and the road was dangerous ; but never did she cry for strength and help in vain. And the answer to her prayer came distinct and sweet to her heart, “ The Lord *will* keep the feet of his saints.” And this is often her watchword on the rough road she travels.

Yea ; and “ God is as good as his word,” and he *does* keep the feet of his saints, and without one false step. The dear messenger of good tidings passes from one lowly dwelling to another, telling of him mighty to save, and *able* to do, and to *be* sufficient for all the wants of his people.

The leg having been amputated from the hip, the whole weight is necessarily thrown upon the heavy wooden substitute. Yet she has a wondrous facility in climbing stairs steep, narrow, and dark, and so quietly that

no sick ones have ever found the sound disturb their lightest slumber. Ever ready to carry the gospel message to friend or foe, neighbor or stranger, she keeps on her way, bringing glory to God, and serving him unseen by the crowd of busier workmen.

Praise is the element of her life. It is the music of her tongue ; it is her sowing song and her reaping song. She never says, “ We ought to praise ; ” but she does it ; and so experimentally teaches that prayer brings forth praise. She literally does nothing without this acknowledgment of the goodness and grace of her blessed Master. She accepts nothing without praise. She goes to her work praising for the privilege, and she ends it with praise for the blessing she is sure will seal it ; for she has asked for it. And if the Lord tarry, and the “ white angel ” comes to gather the chosen vessels for the upper sanctuary, the dear teacher will but wait a little while to praise in a new song that shall resound through everlasting ages.

A VOICE FROM MANY WATERS.*

"Better is a poor and a wise child than an old and foolish king."

ECCLES. iv 13.

We listened to the voices
That made the rushing tide,
Fed by the melting snow-wreaths
The sparkling rills supplied.
The water-floods were roaring,
And the sunlight on the spray
Marked where the rapid Passer
Went bounding on its way.

Far in the dark pine forests
That crown the mountain's brow,
The woodman's ax has sounded,
And many a tree lies low;
Cast in the dashing current,
The forest veterans come
Down to the Alpine valley,
To warm our wintry home.

The bold, untiring torrent
Went shouting on his way —

*Through the Alpine valley of Meran rushes the rapid river Passer; its force and brightness give life and beauty to one of the loveliest spots in the Tyrol. The mountains are clothed with pine forests. In the early spring, when the snow melts from the granite peaks above them, the trees are felled for fire-wood for the next winter's consumption. There is no other means of conveyance from these precipitous heights but the waterfloods from the melted snow. The timber cast therein is borne by the rushing torrent to the river, where it is carefully collected by the Tyrolese.

“Without *my* help, good people,

 You’d have no wood to-day.

I bring it from the mountain,

I cast it in the flood,

And the woodman’s ax were idle

 If *I* the work withstood.”

“Nay,” said a rippling streamlet;

 “Your boast were all in vain,

Did the sun not melt the snow-wreaths,

 And bring me life again.

Lost in the fern and mosses,

 My silver stream were dry,

If the sunbeams ceased their shining,

 And clouds obscured the sky.”

Then the torrent leaped the granite,

 Still foaming as he went,

And the streamlet followed noiseless,

 On patient service bent;

And the pine-wood floated faster,

 For their labor was not done;

But he who talked the loudest

 Thought the service all his own.

Said another, “See *my* burden!

 Oh, if you only knew!”

Then there came a gentle whisper —

 “*I* have a work to do.”

“But can you bear the timber?”

 The torrent seemed to say,

“Or turn a mill so fleetly
As *I* shall do to-day!

“You have no voice for singing;
 My work you cannot share,
 You’re such a tiny wavelet:
 What can a wavelet bear?”

And then I heard the answer
 Of the pleasant, murmuring rill:
Melodious was her music
 When the torrent’s voice was still.

She said, “A wounded blackbird
 Paused on this grassy brink;
He had no heart for singing,
 But he stopped awhile to drink.
In a shallow pool I made him
 He bathed his weary wing,
And early in the morning
 I heard him try to sing.”

Said the cold and boastful torrent,
 “Is *that* all you can do?”

“There, ’mid the grass down-trodden,
 I marked a floweret blue.
It faded in the sunshine,
 And drooped above the tide;
I knew its root was thirsty,
 Ere night it would have died.

“I wandered gently near it,
 And kissed the withering spray;

See! it is bright and blooming,
With six new buds to-day.
But dearer than the blackbird,
And all the flowers I see,
Was a little thoughtful maiden
Who bent last eve o'er me.

“She said, ‘The stream roars loudly
From many a mountain spring,
And yet this quiet wavelet
Has its own sweet song to sing.’
And then I tried to teach her,
Before she taller grew,
That the youngest and the weakest
Have still a work to do.

“The daily deeds of kindness,
And words of truth and cheer,
Raise hearts like drooping flowers,
’Mid withering sorrows here.
And many a weary traveler,
Whose wounded heart may ache,
Needeth the cup of water,
Given ‘for Jesus’ sake,’

“The thirsty ones are many,
And mourners passing by;
There’s room for e’en the poorest
In love’s sweet ministry.
A river flows for ever
In a path no foot hath trod:

Its mingled streams make joyful
The city of our God.

"There are thousand, thousand voices;
And *he* who melts the snow
Hears every song we sing him
Amid the waters' flow.
On from the throne that fountain
Proclaims his mercy rife,
In living souls up-springing
To everlasting life!

"So, little thoughtful maiden,
Thy voice was not in vain,
And the wavelet bids thee welcome
To her crystal home again.
Look from the rapid Passer
For brighter streams above,
And learn a lasting lesson
From her gentle song of love."



CHAPTER V.

WAITING AFTER FAILURE.

WHEN “the angel of the Lord spake unto Philip, saying, Arise, and go toward the south unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, which is desert,” the evangelist did not argue the point, “he arose and went.” Philip at this time had great acceptance in Samaria, where he preached Christ, and mighty miracles were wrought in the name of the Lord Jesus. Evil spirits were cast out, the lame and palsied were healed, “and there was great joy in that city.” Had the Evangelist “conferred with flesh and blood,” or even with his natural understanding, he would

have been hindered. Even his brethren, who witnessed him preaching the things of the kingdom of God, would have besought him to tarry where he was, and naturally would have urged, "What more can you require than to see the work of God prospering in your hands?" But Philip, led by the Spirit, would have answered, "I came to do the will of him that sent me;" and leaving the ninety and nine rejoicing souls safe under the wings of Jehovah, he is carried in the spirit to the side of the courtier of Candace. The carnal Christian may have said, "He is neglecting blessing in Samaria;" but toward Gaza, a desert place, the Lord had need of him.

He might have remonstrated, "It would be vain to preach to the eunuch, whose heart and thoughts will be on the gold and jewels in his care." Nay the treasurer of the Ethiopian queen was seeking for richer possessions than the gold of Ophir and Oriental pearls. And we in like manner, carried out of the place that seemed so pro-

pitious for serving the Lord, might pause and marvel how we have been led to leave it. We know not how; we heard no voice; we saw no sign; reason and prudence said, "Remain." But the eye of the Lord, that runneth to and fro upon the earth, beheld, a long way off, a lone traveler, an Ethiopian eunuch, the treasurer of an eastern queen. The soul of the man from the court—the sigh for the knowledge of his Redeemer—is as precious in the ear of the Lord of Sabaoth as the praise of the souls in Samaria. He knows the position of the soul of him who journeys with the scroll in his hand, in which was enfolded the wondrous secret of peace and joy in believing. The evangelist preached unto him Jesus. He went on his way rejoicing.

"God seeth the heart." If we are to watch for what appears to us a propitious moment, we may disregard the promptings of the Spirit to accomplish a greater work than we designed for ourselves. Cæsar's household may be often longing for the

bread of heaven, when the servants of a worldly sanctuary offer them nothing but stones." Man's goings are of the Lord; how can a man then understand his own way?" Prov. xx. 24.

After much prayer, I reluctantly accepted an invitation to visit a connection who resided in a town I particularly disliked; and to do this I had to quit those to whom the Lord was using me. I strove in vain against it, and I went. At the close of my visit, which was not a long one, there arrived another guest—a stranger to me, but a mutual connection of my host and myself—to pass one day and night under the same roof. He was a healthy, handsome young man. All his interests were in the world, and his heart engrossed in them, counting days of toil and nights of study no sacrifice to win the prize of his ambition.

When the natural heart has an object in view with which the world sympathizes, zeal in its pursuit is called "perseverance," winning the admiration and respect of the like

minded. For the accomplishment of its object sacrifices are counted as necessities, and the man of business or science goes forward, keeping his object in sight with patience, courage, and hopefulness. He is ingenious in turning every passing event to his own advantage, having but one aim, and that absorbs his time, his energy, and his life. Did the spiritual man, whose possessions and power are vested in the only Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords, who draws his wisdom from the Wonderful Counselor, did he follow thus, then would the church present a different aspect, and the living God would be manifested to a dying world.

No occasion presented itself for speaking to our visitor, and I felt an indescribable sadness. This deepened as I left the dining-room with the idea of seeking for a book or tract for our guest; but I began to imagine what sort of acceptance the tract would meet with, and, tempted to think it was inappropriate, my heart sank beneath the sug-

gestion that he would not listen to any word of mine. The lady at whose house I visited did not conceal her dislike to spiritual religion, and what she termed the impertinence of interfering with other souls, indorsing her view with the interpretation, "What is that to thee?" My courage failed; I thought of the difficulties, and of my weakness, instead of relying on the power of him who bade me be instant in season, though to man it would have been out of season.

Again and again I fancied if I had the least opening I could go forward. And the Lord gave it to me. The result was what it always will be to those who are judging by the sight of the eye, and not resting on the guidance of the Holy Spirit already given. I was leaving. Our visitor offered to accompany me to the train. This was opposed by my hostess. A word from me would have decided it differently, and given me an uninterrupted interview. That word was not spoken, and in my heart I was glad to be spared the ordeal of sarcasm and refusal of

my message. I knew I had done despite to the Holy Spirit's teaching, and had been disloyal to my King, and my soul was bowed down. I went back to my work, my hand weakened for service, and my health, which was partially restored, again impaired. The good Physician could alone heal those wounds; and well I knew that confession was followed by forgiveness; yet I had lost blessing, and I shrank from the remembrance of my sin, which, though forgiven, remained a beacon on my path. It was well; for "the reproofs of instruction are the way of life."

As the year was closing, I was again, by a train of unlooked-for circumstances, a guest of the same lady; now no longer in the town, but residing in one of the lovely sheltered villages on the south coast of England. I had not the same reluctance in visiting her as before, and I think this arose from natural reasons. I regarded it as a brief sojourn from the noisy turmoil of the city whence I came, and looked on it as a

season of rest, and an opening for service in the village, which, however, was never granted to me.

I had arranged my effects in a pleasant south-west chamber, overlooking the sea and the picturesque rocks and woodland slopes which surrounded the villa. A few days only had passed, when I received the announcement from my hostess, that the relative of whom I have before made mention was expected by her for change of air, adding that he had been ill since I had seen him last ; and, after a consultation of physicians, they had intimated to the family that a fatal disease, hitherto quite unexpected, had begun its rapid inroads upon his naturally robust constitution, and that his life might be counted by weeks. She requested at the same time, most peremptorily, that I would in no wise make him acquainted with the danger in which he lived, and how brief that life must be. This I refused, as a cruel and unjustifiable silence. The result was a discourteous rejoinder. My first impulse

was to terminate my visit abruptly, and then I saw that pride and anger would destroy my only prospect of repairing my former disobedience. The agitation of my spirit in a measure subdued, I felt I could undergo insult and unkindness, to carry the Saviour's message to this dying man, whom I had neglected. The remembrance of my cowardice and faithlessness kept me quiet, and I determined to endure all, and remain.

What was my amazement the following morning to receive from my hostess the unexpected tidings that the poor invalid would arrive during the day, and that the room I occupied would be more suitable for him, as it had a southern aspect, and that it would be more convenient for me to procure lodgings!

I doubted for a few moments if I were really resting on the Lord, when the dismay and anguish swept over my soul. But the Lord has nowhere said that his followers shall have a sunny sail upon a summer sea, nor that the "much tribulation" shall be

evaded because we are cowards. My discomfort was not lessened by seeing our expected guest arrive. With difficulty he ascended the steps of the house, supported by a servant, and a stick on which he leaned heavily. I could not recognize, in the pallid, haggard face and bent form before me, the once proud, athletic man, whose projects of ambition were only bounded by the world's horizon, and who had been the unconscious cause of so much exercise of soul to me.

I left, and found some inconvenient lodgings, the only ones vacant, in a close, noisy street, far from the house I had quitted — too far for an invalid to walk. Apart from influences jarring my spiritual nature, I began to consider my loss, and see with my spiritual vision; I could only believe in the chastening of God in the circumstances. Ah, how little did I know of him whose love is unfathomable, and whose wisdom past finding out! Yet I believe I was pardoned, and I knew that the loss was mine — that the Lord could carry life and salvation to

the soul without human instrumentality. Nevertheless, like the disciples, I looked at the tempestuous sea, and not on him by whose power alone I was kept from sinking. "If the Lord be with us, why then has all this befallen us?" we ask in our faithlessness, when we blindly suspect that every circumstance of embarrassment, every unexpected defeat of plans and prospects, which appeared at first to open before us in the very light of heaven, must of necessity be the result of waywardness, or blunder, or chastening. When walking no longer in the power of the Spirit, we rashly rush forth when we should wait, and are supine when we are called to go forward in the name of our Lord. However embarrassing the position, the Lord sees it, and has foreseen it. One steadfast look towards him who says, "Lo, I am with you alway: "be not dismayed," raises the heart from earth to heaven, and all he asks is that we should trust him who has declared that he will never break his covenant with us. "Greater

love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you." There is no promise as regards circumstances or their ultimate results.

The next day a poor, pale guest stood before me in my tiny room, breathless and overcome by fatigue and distress, grieved to find his arrival had been the cause of my leaving the house. He called at once to express his regret, and as I gazed on that haggard face and shrunken form suddenly brought before me, I could only silently adore the wisdom which had led me by ways I knew not to the accomplishment of at least one desire — testimony for my Lord. Touched by the circumstances of our meeting, the heart of my visitor was subdued, and he was willing to accept the suggestion of the probably rapid and fatal termination of his illness. The ice was broken. I had spoken, and the bitterness of my spirit had given place to a calm, nay, even a joyful, acceptance of the position so roughly assigned to me.

But one of the evils of sin, even confessed and put away, and therefore forgiven, is that it is a weapon still in the hands of the arch enemy of souls, and which he will forge at some day or other for a fiery dart to wound the heart, if for a moment the believer holds his shield of faith too negligently. Truly "the fear of man bringeth a snare." It was Peter's sin when he denied his Master ; but oh, the pang that we know by sympathy ran through the ardent-hearted disciple when the Lord tested him in reminding him of his unfaithfulness, and forgave him ! " Lovest thou me ? Follow me." Ah ! well may he ask the same question to-day of those who, rejoicing in the sunshine of his smile, exclaim, " Though all shall deny thee, yet will not I." Yet the foremost in the declaration that he knows the Christ, the Son of the living God, is the first to deny him. " Lovest thou me ? Follow me." Here is the test. Here is the living testimony that we know him, that we love him, through whom we have life.

I know I loved Jesus, but I confess my heart was following afar off, or I should have heard in the seemingly rude rejection, "Follow me;" but in the sudden tribulation I only saw the last hope of retrieving my faithlessness abruptly snatched from me, and I myself no longer meet to be used as the vessel of blessing to the soul over whom I secretly wept. I would have been content to know any other instrument used, but I could see none at hand, and I must go. That night prayer ceased to seem prayer. I could not frame a petition into words, and doubted the tender consideration of him whose arms were underneath me. Then I thought he could not, and would not, use me as his messenger of mercy, now I read in the wondrous unfolding of his purposes of love, "*Be still, and know that I am God.*"

But light had arisen. I had "seen the Lord in the way," and so, like Paul, I could preach Jesus boldly. I took courage, and felt it was a time to act, and not to succumb. I sought for more suitable accommodation,

and was guided to a large sunny apartment on the ground floor, and therefore more accessible to the sick man, with the same pleasant prospect of rock and beach and wooded hills, that had formed so agreeable a vista in my first unpropitious sojourn.

Here our intercourse became more uninterrupted than it could possibly have been under other circumstances. The peculiar incidents attending our meeting gave me perhaps a more patient listener than I might otherwise have obtained. Recurring to my mention of the possibly fatal termination of his illness, though not shocked, he was saddened, and his voice faltered. Soon after he rose to leave, before I could speak more directly on the subject I had at heart; but he had allowed me to tell him his position: and my bitterness and grief were gone.

One of those brilliant days that intervene between an English autumn, with its fitful brightness, and the early winter, found me on the rocks near my lodgings. The tide was gently ebbing, and the sunlight glitter-

ing on the tiny pools where the sea-weed floated. Before I had sat there long, I was joined by our poor invalid, with a step stronger than I had seen before, and with more life and animation in his face, which to-day seemed brightened by the balmy and refreshing air. Revived by the sweet influences around him, hope was springing in his breast — hope for a longer day on earth, which the sanguine-hearted without an eternal hope find it so hard to lay down.

We spoke together as we had never spoken before. He had but an imperfect knowledge of the truth, of the power of the blood, of the necessity of the new life in Christ Jesus, the joy, and light, and power, and holiness, springing only from the Spirit of God. My words were a strange language to him, and were evidently received this day with suspicion and irritation. Good works seemed his idea of sure salvation. “Good works!” though he did not deceive himself that he had any to offer; but “good works” he would do, and so prepare for heaven, if he must die.

But if he should die before the good works were accomplished, what then? Nothing but the power of the Holy Ghost can convince of sin; and the revelation of Jesus to the soul shows man his vile and ruined state. I saw that the hope and desire of life here had damped the yearning for heavenly things. It was evident that, unaccustomed to sickness, and beholding others raised from the border of the grave, he now indulged the fallacious hope of entire restoration. I dared not countenance it. I felt, I knew there was no hope; I was silent. That silence had the effect which my words might have failed to produce. He rose and left me; and I thought I read in his countenance a determination to avoid me in future as a troubler of his peace.

It seemed such a hopeless task; the time so brief, the opportunities so few, that many tears fell, and prayers rose for courage and strength; but for me that night was a night of weeping. Towards the morning I slept; and by one of those merciful visions, by

which the Lord has so often soothed my troubled soul, I was comforted.'

In my dream I seemed to wander alone in a wintry scene in a forest; the wind had shaken dead branches from the trees; the pathway, no broader than a sheep-track, was scarcely perceptible, long grass and leaves rendered it almost impassable. The dark clouds were heavy in the west, and the morning twilight was just trembling into day; the leafless underwood and ferns were heavy with the dew that dropped like rain from the brambles, where the berries of autumn were falling beneath the first frost of winter. The sorrow of the night was carried into the dream of the morning; all was desolation within and without! I looked from the tangled pathway, through which I vainly sought to make my way, up to the parting clouds, where the pale dawn broke in a watery beam over the bramble-bushes. In its light I suddenly beheld a root of white violets beneath their thorny bower. As I gazed in admiration at their

loveliness in the midst of this dreariness, the tender buds, just streaked with lines of white, turned their folded beauty towards me, and slowly blossomed one by one. I hung delightedly over those fair spring flowers, where no hand could gather them, asking myself, How came they there? An angelic voice replied to my question—

“It was your hand that planted them!”

Comfort stole on my soul; in the wintry twilight hope dawned upon me; and sweeter to me than my heaven-sent vision was the word of the Lord that came with my waking: “The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.” Isa. xxxv. 1, 5. My heart was at peace; and, though I might not see it, my bread was cast upon the waters, and I knew that I should find it after many days.

Possibly my poor invalid did not intend to see me again. Probably, also, he had

been warned not to be unsettled or depressed by my words ; for he came not as before. But I could wait ; and thus see the way of the Lord through the tangled maze of circumstance.

He was unhappy. In his new trouble and perplexity he sought me for counsel and sympathy. His hope was now for Christ in his dying hours ; my cry was for Jesus Christ to be seen in his life, however brief, that his testimony might live to the glory of God. We parted to meet no more on earth, but with the promise that he would send for me, should he desire to see me again, taking with him my Bible, which was to be returned to me when he had no further use for it. Two short notes came to me, which told me what the Holy Spirit alone could reveal to him—peace and joy in believing—and then I received my Bible. Passing through the fiery ordeal of suffering of the most agonizing description, peculiar to the disease which had been the messenger of the Lord, he died, but not without the testimony I

asked for. His last day was passed in vocal prayer and thanksgiving, ceasing only with the final agony, when sweeter than the sweet music of earthly voices came the blessed summons —

“RISE, HE CALLETH THEE!”

THE HOUSE NOT MADE WITH HANDS.

FAR upon a shining shore,
Where no noisy breakers roar,
Is my home — for evermore.

Earth's possessions lost their spell,
In the joy no tongue can tell,
When I bade the world farewell.

Bright the portion I shall share,
Fair the mansion! oh, how fair!
For my Father reigneth there.

As the wild waves wander by,
Let me check each rising sigh,
In my heart continually.

For I walk the swelling flood,
Washed in Jesus' precious blood,
And my home — my home with God!

Soul! bend meekly to thy cross,
Counting all earth's gain as loss,
And her fairest treasures dross.

Bright, and yet more clearly, shine
Through the clouds, sweet home of mine,
Then no more shall I repine.

Jesus Christ has gone before,
Christ the Way, the Light, the Door,
I enter — and go out no more.





CHAPTER VI.

WAITING FOR DELIVERANCE.

THE best preparation for service is the knowledge of our own weakness, and faith in the almighty power of God. This is often attained through rough contact with our spiritual foes, and opposition and persecution from without; but it is not always learned on a bed of sickness, and not necessarily through a trial of tears.

There is a slow, secret, and imperceptible work of the Holy Spirit carried on in the waiting hours that seem to have no object but the trial of patience, which so often fails. I marvel that we who have been disciplined in the school of God should be sur-

prised at new and unlooked-for positions, where we are entirely thrown off our own resources, upon him whose resources are infinite, whose wisdom is unsearchable, and whose love is unfathomable. We are his witnesses. Can we decide where he needs our testimony? We are his servants; shall we dictate to him our work and place of service? We are his children; shall we doubt his purposes of love toward us?

Waiting on him, we must watch and let our eyes observe his ways, looking off from what seems inexplicable and dark in the present, to the faithfulness of God in the past. Thus we shall learn to recognize a Father's hand in training a willing but ignorant child, who is too frequently striving to comprehend, by his natural understanding, what these things signify.

It is easy to use the talents with which we are naturally endowed; but this would often elate us, so the joy has to be tempered with trial, to make it wholesome. The Great Workman has his eye upon the spirit-

ual faculties of the inner man, disciplining patience until it brings forth experience, and experience hope, that maketh not ashamed.

Waiting and watching are infinitely more productive of a knowledge of the Lord himself than any external labor made ready to our hands. To stay ourselves on God, we must first believe that he who loves us and orders all the events of our lives, does not at any time abandon us to be overruled by a counter influence ; nor suffer his dear servant, willing to be used in his service and desirous to do his will, to be out of the place designed for him.

We have not now to do with a position into which we have backslidden, nor one into which some careless walking or sudden act of willfulness may have cast us ; but some unexpected, unsought, and, may-be, some undesired post to which the providential hand of the Lord has assigned his timid but sincere follower — whose conscience may be unjustly assailed by the adversary, who seeks to fret the anxious soul, and shake its trust in God.

The act which we have committed to the Lord, the way, the time, is therefore sealed as a command, and the witness of the Spirit to that effect is sooner or later given. But the act of faith must be according to the law of God, and not a thing which imagination conceives in the chamber of imagery.

To follow the guidance of the Spirit, there needs the simplicity of a child, and the wisdom which cometh from above.

Had the army of Israel compassed the city of Jericho *twice*, or not at all; or had they begun to war according to the manner of human warfare with the inhabitants — they would have failed; or had they chosen the time that seemed most expedient to them, and sallied forth at midnight, instead of day-dawn; or, in haste to prove the experiment, had they compassed the city seven times on the sixth day in place of the seventh, they had no promise of victory. The priests were to be silent, no sword was to be drawn, no shout was to proceed from their lips, until the downfall of the city.

They triumphed already in the realization of the victory which was promised them by the Lord of hosts.

So it is to-day. The simplicity of the means by which eventually the Lord's people conquer excites the contempt and derision of their foes, but they behold the results, and tremble.

But should the enemies of Israel, looking only on means, take to themselves rams'-horn trumpets, and expect a victory, they would fail; for the ark of God is not among them, and he has not commanded success on rams'-horns, but on the faith and obedience of a people who have the Lord for their God. The victory was gained in the strength of the living God, and it was accomplished through the meanest instrumentality, by their obedience.

A band of men compassing a strong city with no other weapon than a ram's-horn seems an act of folly; but God chose to show forth his power thus, and educate the obedience of his people. This was a "good

confession before many witnesses," and he hath declared, "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of God." Luke xii. 8.

Again: "The Lord said unto Joshua, "Stretch out the spear which is in thine hand toward Ai; for I will give it into thine hand.' And Joshua stretched out the spear which he had in his hand toward the city and the ambush ran as soon as he had stretched out his hand; for Joshua drew not his hand back wherewith he had stretched out the spear, until he had utterly destroyed all the inhabitants of Ai." Had Joshua not stretched out the spear, or had he done anything else which appeared to him to be more serviceable or more resembling warfare, he would not have triumphed over the enemies of Israel. It was a testimony to the power of God, which the Lord beheld, and his entire reliance on him, who bade him thus confess him, crowned the host with victory. Josh. viii. 18-26.

The dealings of the Lord, which seem so mysterious to us, may be, and often are, the answer to some forgotten petition for spiritual gifts or grace which we have desired.

If we abide in him, the Holy Spirit will direct our thoughts to do that which he desires, and remembering his love toward us, we shall be seeking for strength to endure, and light to discern, and wisdom to direct, in a way which seems inexplicable. If with an impatient will we importune him for deliverance before we have accomplished that for which we are placed there, he may grant it us ; but oh, what knowledge of himself and his mysteries we shall miss ; what eternal songs of praise may we not barter for ease !

I was recovering from an attack of Italian fever when I crossed to Naples, and after a stormy voyage I found myself, in the sultry season of July, in one of the large empty hotels, where the dull north rooms, so shunned at all other seasons, are welcome refuges from the heat. Everything around

was parched, the sirocco blew furiously from the African coast, and seemed to wither everything over which it passed. The lazaroni were still loitering about, but sight-seers there were none, except a few Americans, who, like myself, were pressing on to other places, and, unlike me, were sight-seeing, in defiance of the burning sun, that seemed never to set on the whitened stone and the blue bay beneath our windows.

Naturally I needed rest, and I felt it ; and yet I was pressed in spirit to hasten my departure towards the north. Much I prayed to be guided, and therefore I am assured that I was guided. I had not asked, "Make my path pleasant, and my burden light," but I desired to know what I should do, and where I should go, and how I should follow my Lord.

A servant whom I had engaged to accompany me thus far was now to leave me earlier than I had anticipated ; and as she was quite useless to me, I was thankful that the Lord had so appointed it.

So the second day after my arrival I prepared to leave, and previous to the departure of the servant, I sent her to the railway to learn the correct time of departure and to procure a time-table. This she told me she had forgotten ; but she had the hour of the train best suited for me the following morning, and then she went on her way.

Great was my dismay to find no such train went to the place I wished to reach, and there remained only one, leaving in the afternoon, which would not arrive until late at night.

To prolong my stay until the following day seemed impossible. Every hour in the heat and glare of the city was reducing the little strength for my still lengthened journey, and after having prayed I felt convinced that I was to leave at once by the afternoon train, which was the only one that day.

As I proceeded on my journey, I found that I had overrated my power ; and I often pondered in my heart, whether my *own* will,

or the Spirit acting on it, brought me there ; but it always ended in a consciousness that I had sought Him who was my guide, and that I must not weigh spiritual blessings in earthly balances. Before I had been many hours on the road I was so exhausted, that when I had to leave the train for another, I felt it impossible to proceed, and was obliged to remain at one of the small stations long before we had reached the point which I had in view.

I determined to get what accommodation I could for the night. In the confusion of changing carriages, and taking in other passengers, I could obtain no information of an hotel. Every one was occupied with his own business, and had no time to answer my inquiries.

At last, in my desolation, I stood still and silent, and prayed the Lord to put kindness for me into the heart of some of this crowd of strangers. And as the Lord of the whole earth is never too much occupied to attend to the moan of his desolate ones, I had

scarcely breathed the cry for help before he answered me.

A porter looked at me compassionately, fetched me a chair, the only one in the luggage department (waiting-room there was none), and, with a gentle courtesy which I have often experienced from Italians, he bade me rest until the train had departed, when he would speak to the luggage manager for me, who would tell me what was best to do. So, taking the swift answer to my prayer as a token that, after all, I was in the way, I lifted up my heart in praise to Him whom I desired to follow, and who had never lost sight of me in all the distracting noise and confusion.

The train left. Many of the officials moved away to their homes; for it was one of the last night trains. Presently the luggage manager, an old officer, introduced by my kind friend Luigi the porter, came towards me. He told me we were more than a mile from the town, and that he knew no hotel where I could lodge, nor any place

where I could procure a bed for the night ; for he had only lately arrived, and was a stranger to the town. However, after some consultation, a youth offered to send me a conveyance, stating that he knew where I could procure sleeping accommodation.

In half-an-hour an old cabriolet arrived, which for antiquity and dirt I had never seen equaled, except in some of the waste places of our own country timber-yards, among carriages too far past repair to be allowed a place even in the yard. The driver corresponded exactly with the vehicle. One of our wild Arabs of the East-end would hardly compete with him. And his shrewd, knowing grin and most perplexing patois rendered him rather an object of terror to me than interest or amusement, as he might have been under other circumstances. However, even this relief had been procured at the expense of some extra time taken from the hours of rest of the kindly railway officials. There was nothing else to be done ; the station was about to be locked

up ; so, gratefully thanking them, and most of all the kind porter, whose words and looks of sympathy I took direct from the Lord, I mounted my strange conveyance. As the manager assisted me to enter it, he told me to remember that the house where I should sleep was opposite a large church, adding, “ You cannot mistake it ; and the train leaves at seven in the morning.”

I had committed myself to Him who had cared for me hitherto, and to whom I had made my prayer ; nevertheless, my heart sank within me when my driver insisted on sharing his seat with a companion whom he found on the way, and who presented an appearance even more startling than his own. He drove furiously, and the long-legged horse, whose bones nearly protruded through his skin, galloped at intervals, when he did not entirely refuse to obey whip or voice.

We had left what seemed the high road, and we threaded the dark, narrow streets of the town, the tall, black buildings throwing a deeper shadow from the light of the moon.

which now rose, and shed its silver glory through the openings. In vain I strove to gather some idea of the way I was going. It seemed a maze of turnings and windings.

I felt, by the gestures of my driver and his companion, that their mirth was at my expense, but to all my inquiries, "Where are we going?" he only replied by a fresh burst of laughter, and a shrewd sign to his companion.

At last he drew up at a house in the corner of a triangular street. In face of it I saw a large building, and the white moonlight shone on its pinnacles. I doubted not that it was the church my good-natured friends had bade me to discern as my landmark.

Before I could ask a question, my wild driver had carried my bag, with which I was unfortunately encumbered, into the house, and grasping his fare, which I had prepared for him, he was gone, and I was alone.

Certainly I have heard of, but never have

I witnessed, even in broad daylight, a place so uninviting as that in which I was called to pass the night. My first impulse was to return to the station, and ask to be allowed to remain with the luggage till the midnight train. But in that case I must leave what was most valuable to me in the hands perhaps of thieves. Moreover, to walk was impossible, not a cabriolet was to be heard or seen, and even if I could reach it, the station was now closed until after midnight.

A rough-looking man, showed me my room, which, for dirt, I had never seen equaled. The door had neither bolt, bar, nor lock. My sickening disgust at all around, my weariness, the excessive heat of southern Italy in July, my long fast, and the momentary terror that swept like an ice-storm over my sinking heart, leave the scene all vividly on my mind's eye.

I know that many of God's dear children would have been lifted above surrounding circumstances; I know that Paul and Silas sang praises in their prison, and Peter slept

calmly and soundly in his dungeon ; but I was neither Paul nor Peter.

But the Lord had said often to me, “ When thou passest *through* the waters, I will be with thee, and *through* the rivers, they shall not *overflow* thee ; ” and protection *in* the fiery furnace is as often his way with his witnesses as deliverance out of it. And he was with me. He led my thoughts back to the first day that I had sought his light and guidance on this journey, the difficulties of which I could not foresee.

I counted the chimes from a distant belfry as I stood at the open window ; a sound of loud revelry was the only noise that broke the silence of the night without — voices of women singing, and boisterous laughter. The moonlight fell brighter and fuller, and I saw that the building, which was pointed out as the church I was to keep as my landmark, was a barrack, and I was in a lodging-house in its vicinity.

I barricaded my door with the old broken chair, and, arranging my rug and shawl for

my couch, I lay down in utter exhaustion, not to sleep, but to wonder what it all meant. I watched the stars paling, and the day breaking, and my heart was comforted. He who ruled the stars in their courses watched over me, and peace spread over my troubled heart; and, like as the still water images the light above, when there is nothing between it and the heavens, so my heart could respond to the eternal faithfulness of the Lord, who had called me to follow him in a path I knew not, but which was all known to him.

He had seen me deceived by the servant for purposes of her own; he had watched over me, weary, and sinking, and sad-hearted and he saw my desire to glorify him in trusting him, though my heart and flesh failed.

“I cried unto the Lord in my trouble, and he delivered me out of my distress,” but not out of the circumstances which seemed to hold me captive there as securely as Peter in his prison. The angel of the Lord that opened *his* door would open mine,

and I should go out guarded and guided as secure as he.

“I, even I, am he that comforteth you. Who art thou, that thou shouldest be afraid of a man that shall be made as grass, and forgettest the Lord thy Maker, who hath stretched forth the heavens, and laid the foundations of the earth?” Isa. li. 12, 13.

Perhaps I had never felt, to the same extent, that I could lean consciously on the arm of the Lord, as during some moments in that lonely night-watch. I say, some moments; for often the hurrying feet on the stairs, and people coming in and going out, made me start and tremble.

At last all was silence, broken only by the snore of the sleepers, in the narrow corridor leading to my chamber. And then, looking up to the Lord, gracious and merciful, I prayed, “Lord, if this be thy guidance, I ask thee to let me see wherefore I am in this place. Many a time I have prayed to trust thee; now I ask to *see* thee.” Then there came the witness of the Spirit that my cry

was heard, and that my prayer was answered I was refreshed, and rested, I know not how. God knows, who fed Elijah in the desert.

So I watched the sun rise over the tall buildings and whitened streets. Not a person was visible ; but as I stood on my watch, suddenly I saw the kind porter cross the triangle rapidly. My first impulse was to endeavor to attract his attention and pray him to help me out of this fearful place : but instantly it was repressed. It seemed that I should thus distrust the power of the Lord who had so graciously assured me that I should see *him*.

The cool air of the early morning, and, more, the calm rest which fell on my spirit, strengthened me, and putting on my hat and gloves, I slowly descended the dark narrow stairs, and entered a room on the ground-floor, which gave evidence of the last night's meal. The remains of supper and drinking-cups lay around, and from several strange sleeping places there were people rising from their slumbers.

A large-headed, fierce-looking man, in his shirt-sleeves advanced, and demanded in an insolent tone where I was going.

I replied, "To the terminus," at the same time drawing out my purse to pay his demands, and begging him to fetch me a cabriolet.

"You cannot go until you have ordered your breakfast," he said, in a peremptory tone.

"Good," I replied; "I take milk and bread only."

He bade a man near fetch it, while evidently keeping watch on my movements, as if suspicious that I should depart, and defraud him of payment.

"Why are you going so early?" he inquired, in a blustering tone.

I looked calmly in his face, and replied slowly and solemnly, "My Master calls me."

"Who is your Master?" said my host, looking uneasy.

"I replied, pointing upwards, "My Master is my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

If the power of that name above all other names could give sight to the blind and strength to the lame, so to-day it had not lost the power to awe the rude and insolent man. He stared as if an apparition had suddenly risen at his feet.

And so I spoke of him whose hand was over me, and taking out my Italian Testament, I read of the condemnation of the sinner, and of salvation through God's only-begotten Son. John iii.

The man stood aghast !

It was evident that my words, imperfect as was my Italian, reached his heart. And as I proclaimed the grace and mercy of God the Father in giving his Son, and God the Son in giving himself, to die for ruined, guilty man, the Spirit of truth declared, "Thou art the man !" In that hour I recognized the power which is promised with the baptism of the Holy Ghost — the power which man shall not gainsay nor resist. Words came unsought, texts learned and long forgotten arose fresh in my mind.

Notwithstanding my imperfect knowledge of the construction of the language, save what I had from time to time acquired from my Italian Testament, I went on to tell of the crucified and risen Saviour as the only refuge of the sinner from eternal death.

Another would have framed better arguments. I lay no claim to rhetoric. No matter: God was there, and the words spoken for him were arrows in his hand.

Another and another man arose from under the table, where they had evidently slept, and listened as I read.

I felt nothing of my strange position; I only felt that I was there, a witness for the Lord God, who had covered me with the shadow of his hand, and put his words in my mouth.

At the open door I now saw a group of old women and girls on their way to the fountain, who had followed the boy with his jug of milk for my breakfast. But I had no need of food; even had it been possible to have partaken of it in the dirt and confusion

around, I had need of nothing; I knew what it was to have meat to eat which the world knoweth not.

As I recall that hour, my soul still sings her song of gratitude and praise that the Lord had not looked upon my sinking faith, my cowardly heart, but on the perfect obedience of his spotless One, my Sun and Shield — “Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of thine Anointed.” Ps. lxxxiv. 9. Here is the refuge from the storm, the shelter from the heat.

There was a strange solemnity in that group. The men seemed awed; there was no movement, no smile, on one of those dark faces.

And now the same cabriolet made its appearance at the door, with an attendant sent by the kind officials of the railway. I saw that the Lord was thus showing me that he had placed me on the hearts of strangers, had I needed help outwardly; and that I was not alone, for *he* was with me.

In gathering my shawl around me, my

Italian Scriptures, from which I had been reading, fell to the ground. My rough landlord picked it up, and, before returning it to me, he glanced at the page with a wistful eye. It opened as it fell—"He that believeth on him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only-begotten Son of God." John iii. 18. I watched the curiosity evinced in his countenance as he scanned leaf after leaf, and then, with his eye still on the book that had done me good service, he inquired —

"Does this book belong to the lady?"

"It was mine once; it is yours from this moment."

"For me!" exclaimed the man joyfully: "surely, really for *me*!"

"Yes, for you, my friend, that you may remember the day when the English stranger came to your house, sent of God, to tell you of the good news of the kingdom of heaven, pardon and peace, which my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, my Master, died to secure you."

Oh, it was worth many a night-watch in a foreign land to see the tears stand in those bloodshot eyes, and mark the quiver of those coarse lips, that seemed long strangers to any gentle emotion.

He took the book with reverence between his folded hands, and pressed it to his breast.

What grace is thine, O Master;
For work so poor and scant!
How glorious is the guerdon
My loving Lord doth grant!
The willing heart thou gavest,
And thy words of love and light;
Oh, it is worth cross-bearing
To wait for thee one night!

As I went out, followed by that strange assembly, I could but mark that they spoke one to another, and evidently with interest. Each one desired to offer me some token of respect and kindness in ready service. My shawls, and bag, and personal luggage, were divided among them to carry for me, and my host was foremost in assisting me into the

wonderful vehicle, which might have been a chariot with fleet steeds for all I knew ; for my heart was overflowing with praise as I looked on that group, whom I should behold no more until we meet before the throne of God.

I reached the station, and found that I had more than an hour to wait. Everywhere busy hands were at work ; luggage was being weighed, and parcels were being received. I was again introduced into the weighing office, where I found my old soldier friend of the night before, who rejoiced to see me, and expressed his regret at the mistake as to my night's lodging. He assured me that he was not aware of it until this morning, and that he knew nothing of the place to which I had been conducted by the driver, as the house to which he had been recommended he knew was near a large church ; but he himself was a stranger to the town.

I did not spend my breath on the matter, for I knew my Master had sent me, and my

work was not yet done ; so I offered him a portion of Scripture, and one to the porter.

During this time the secretary had arrived, an intelligent young man, who appeared in everything greatly superior to his position. His pen, as he sat at the desk, passed rapidly over the paper as I spoke. I saw a smile spread over his face, and once or twice he laid down his pen and listened.

I knew not what to think. I feared that smile would mar my testimony, and influence those men beneath him to reject it ; so I said—

“ I fear my Italian is so imperfect that I do not convey all I want to say.”

On this the old officer came forward and offered to translate for me, if I would speak in French. I gladly accepted his services. Whether my words were faithfully rendered, I know not, or whether it was the Lord's will to work with the ram's-horn trumpet, I know not. I lost *all* power, and the sensible blessing with which my own soul had hitherto been sustained.

As I paused in conscious weakness, one of the porters exclaimed —

“No, no ; speak on in Italian yourself ; we like it better.”

It was the voice of the Lord to my listening spirit, giving courage to the feeblest soldier he ever called to the battle-field, and like the telling of the dream to the timorous Gideon, braced me again to trust not in man, but in the arm of the living God.

The secretary left the place we were in for another part of the station. I watched him as he walked slowly along. The smile, which had made me shrink for a moment from the sneer of man, was still on his face. I prayed that if the Lord had anything to say to him, he would graciously send him to me now, as I was by this time alone. As I prayed, he turned slowly round, and retraced his steps to the place he had just quitted ; and we stood face to face.

Pointing to the Gospel I held in my hand I said —

“Have you found time in your life to read this blessed Word of God ?”

What was my surprise as, his face beaming still more brightly, he replied, —

“ Oh, yes ! We are not always in the confusion you see us now. We have not many trains, and besides this, we have always two hours in the day, which are quiet hours, and then I read my Bible.”

And that smile, which had made me fear, expressed his joy to hear me proclaim the Saviour *he* loved.

“ You love the Lord Jesus ? ” I exclaimed, delightedly.

“ Yes, I do,” he replied ; “ and you have shown me something of his new love.”

I marveled that, loving Jesus, he should shrink from testimony, and I said —

“ If you love Jesus, do not be afraid to witness for him, for see what weak instruments he uses. You will find many an open door.”

As if he felt my thought a little hard towards him, he drew nearer, and in a low voice said —

“ Speak low ! I am a Protestant, ~~my~~

name is C — R ——. My beloved family, perhaps you know, have suffered for the truth's sake." And then in a few words he told me of what I knew already too well, of a fearful tragedy that had left a happy home desolate.

"My brother!" I could only say, extending my hand, as he finished the simple narration of his sorrows for Christ's sake, before which all my own seemed for the moment to sink into insignificance.

"My sister!" he replied, as he clasped my offered hand—grateful for the sympathy—and assured that our Father had sent me to cheer him on his lonely, difficult way. I was too absorbed in the wondrous grace and goodness of the Lord, which had given me to see that he has his own everywhere, and in most unlikely places, and under strange garbs, and in all foreign lands; and had shown me that, though others may know them not, he knows them, and they witness before him a good confession; although for a little while their lips may be

sealed, their lives, hid with him, shall yet speak for him.

As I detailed to my new-found brother the disappointment and weariness which I had had to endure before I could use this waiting hour in this strange place, he listened full of interest and amazement, and advised me as to the route which would best suit my little power, and where to halt. My soul was refreshed as when one meets with a spring in the desert in the day of drought, and I was rested more than if I had reached a comfortable hotel, or even slept under a dear friend's hospitable roof. I had rested under the wings of Jehovah. He had brought the blind by a way that he knew not, and led me in paths that I had not known. He had made darkness light before me, and crooked things straight; all these things had he done unto me, and not forsaken me.

The old officer and my young brother and Luigi stood by the carriage which I had entered, until the train was fairly in motion, with many "last words" to say.

I scarcely saw the magnificent scenery through which we passed; my heart was in that bright home where the jewels of the Lord, that have come out of much tribulation, shall shine in his diadem of glory for ever. And in spirit I was lost in praise and wonder of my faithful Lord, the God of Jacob, "who answered me in the day of my distress, and was with me in the way in which I went." Gen. xxxi. 3.

NIGHT WATCHES.

"Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him, and he will save us; this is the Lord; we have waited for him, we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation." — Isaiah xxv. 9.

Fear not, then, O child of heaven.

Depths that once thy Master trod.

Steps by which the saints have risen

To a fellowship with God;

But in life's humiliation

Darkest dealings still adore;

This shall be thy consolation —

Jesus trod the way before.

Watching for the light of morning,

Let us cheer the night with song,

Till we see the Lord returning
With his bright angelic throng.
Praise shall flow in mute thanksgiving;
Praise shall swell each silent chord;
All our joy from heaven receiving,
We will ever praise the Lord.

Then the soul thus consecrated,
Grief to gladness all shall turn;
Shall we weep that we have waited,
Watching for our Lord's return?
When the eye the faint dawn catches,
Herald of "the day" to be,
Shall we mourn these lone night watches,
Passed with thee, Lord, only thee?





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